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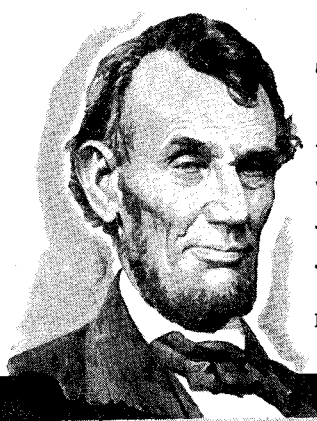

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

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Fort Wayne, Ind., Dept L8

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

The Literary Digest

FOR AUGUST 22, 1936

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Mail

Selassie

Sir:—I should like to inquire as to the whereabouts of Haile Selassie from the time he left Jibuti.

I am giving a reading from THE DIGEST on Ethiopia and what has occurred from the time of the fall of Addis Ababa to the present time. I have relied entirely on THE LITERARY DIGEST for my information, as it saves so much research work. O. BOWER.
Tipton, Indiana.

[The Emperor fled to Jibuti May 3, just before the fall of his Capital, and sailed for Palestine under the British flag. At Jerusalem he settled the Empress and their younger children, then left for Britain. Ignored by officialdom, he lingered in London a month, leaving for the Continent June 26. His impassioned plea to the League for his abandoned country proved futile. Then Swiss authorities hinted he was an undesirable guest, and the exile returned to England. He is still there.—*Editor.*]

Spain

Sir:—In recent stories on the Spanish Rebellion, I have noticed repeated references to the government forces as "Reds." I would like to take issue with this. May I call your attention to Heywood Broun's column on August 10, in which he says:

"At the outset of hostilities the Spanish Government was a Republic and the Party in power consisted of a coalition of radical and progressive groups, with the latter elements in control."

(*Continued on page 39*)

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — AUGUST 22, 1936

Topics of the day

"THE DIGEST" PRESIDENTIAL POLL IS ON!

Famous Forecasting Machine Is Thrown Into Gear for 1936

The 1936 nation-wide LITERARY DIGEST Presidential Poll has begun.

Unruffled by the tumult and shouting of the hottest political race in twenty years, more than 1,000 trained workers have swung into their accustomed jobs. While Chairmen Farley and Hamilton noisily claim "at least forty-two States," and while the man in the street sighs "I wish I knew," THE DIGEST'S smooth-running machine moves with the swift precision of thirty years' experience to reduce guesswork to hard facts.

This week, 500 pens scratched out more than a quarter of a million addresses a day. Every day, in a great room high above motor-ribboned Fourth Avenue, in New York, 400 workers deftly slid a million pieces of printed matter—enough to pave forty city blocks—into the addressed envelops. Every hour, in THE DIGEST'S own Post Office Substation, three chattering postage metering machines sealed and stamped white oblongs; skilled postal employees flipped them into bulging mail-sacks; fleet DIGEST trucks sped them to express mail-trains. Once again, THE DIGEST was asking more than ten million voters—one out of four, representing every county in the United States—*to settle November's election in October.*

Next week, the first answers from those ten million will begin the incoming tide of marked ballots, to be *triple-checked,* verified, *five times* cross-classified and totaled. When the last figure has been totted and checked, if past experience is a criterion, the country will know *to within a fraction of 1 per cent.* the actual popular vote of forty millions.

As in former years, THE DIGEST Poll will be marked by three distinctions:

Impartiality—A half century's reputation as the oldest and greatest news magazine in the world precludes any thought of bias; THE DIGEST has no stake in the outcome. But perhaps the best proof of the Poll's impartiality lies in the fact that the quadrennial flood of charges of "rank bias" are about equally divided between Republicans and Democrats. In public, some politicians may scoff at THE DIGEST Poll, but they are the first of a parade of daily telephone inquirers.

Accuracy—The Poll represents thirty years' constant evolution and perfection. Based on the "commercial sampling" methods used for more than a century by publishing houses to push book sales, the present mailing list is drawn from every telephone book in the United States, from the rosters of clubs and associations, from city directories, lists of registered voters, classified mail-order and occupational data.

The list is being constantly revised, so that "dead" addresses do not appear. Fraud is impossible, since the ballots are almost as difficult to reproduce as *Uncle Sam's* currency. (Tho in fact, the attempted frauds have thus far been insignificant.)

Exclusiveness—THE DIGEST Poll has had many imitators. Yet this year, as always, newspapers in every city already are besieging the Poll Director for advance data, as are hundreds of business men and professional organizations. THE DIGEST Poll is still the "Bible" of millions. And this year those millions are more than ever eager for an answer to the biggest question of the day.

Roosevelt or Landon? Not since Hughes battled Wilson in 1916 have the lines been so sharply drawn, the outcome so in doubt. For tho the Nebraska farmer measures his candidates in terms of parallel farm relief programs, the Chicago banker thinks of banking laws, the Dayton manufacturer speaks of "breathing spells," the Wheeling miner listens to the summons of John L. Lewis, and William Green emphasizes the non-partizanship of the A. F. of L.

But the Nebraska farmer is prey, too, to the blandishments of Father Coughlin's Union Party; and the textile dyer of Paterson, New Jersey, may prefer Communist Earl Browder to either old-party man. What strength will these newcomers muster, and from which camp will they draw it? Do the people want to spend more of their own money, or less?

For billions have been spent, rocketing the national debt to its highest peace-time peak. Have the taxpayers received full value for the dollars they are not yet through contributing? Many claim that labor has won aid and comfort from Washington, but will Washington's crop control and nature's droughts raise the price of the laborer's food? Business has gone ahead, yet many business men complain that they are afraid of the future. Farmers have got fat checks for destroying wheat, yet will their own bread be more costly because of a shortage of domestic wheat?

Nor are all the issues domestic. Russians and Japanese, eying each other across embattled China, know that a change in administration in Washington might conceivably bring a change in the foreign policy of the United States. And the prolonged Spanish struggle raises the specter of a Europe again on the verge of war, and of the ability of the respective candidates to keep America out of it if it comes.

Noted Test—Twenty years ago, Woodrow Wilson was elected on his record of having kept America out of the first World War. The *Lusitania* had been sunk. All eyes were upon the Marne, yet on the Mississippi and the Monongahela there were other issues, no less gripping than to-day's. The "Princeton professor," then vigorous and untiring, a past master at public address, had given the country his own

SECRET BALLOT—No Signature—No Condition—
No Obligation—Just Mark Your Choice—Mail at Once

CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT OFFICIALLY NOMINATED
(Names Arranged Alphabetically)

Put a Cross ☒ in Square Before the Name of Presidential Candidate You Prefer

- ☐ John W. Aiken (Socialist-Labor)
- ☐ [illegible] (Union)
- ☐ [illegible]
- ☐ Franklin D. Roosevelt (Democratic)
- ☐ [illegible]eigh Colvin (Prohibitionist)
- ☐ Norman Thomas (Socialist)
- ☐ Alfred M. Landon (Republican)
- ☐ .....

Mark How You Voted For President in 1932

- ☐ [illegible]
- ☐ [illegible]
- ☐ Thomas
- ☐ .....
(If another wrote in)

Did Not Vote:
- ☐ Under Legal Age
- ☐ Other Reasons

This is important and will reveal the significant drift from one party to another.

To assist in tabulation please write name of your State here:.....

NOT FOR USE

Busy days for postal clerks as more than 10,000,000 ballots are mailed for the 1936 "Literary Digest" poll . . . facsimile of ballot at right

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version of a "new deal." His banking, civil service and labor reforms had startled many, tho the mood was, as in 1932, for social reform.

Determined to learn whether Wilson's broad labor program had stolen a march on the Socialist Party, THE LITERARY DIGEST conducted its first poll, canvassing 500 labor leaders. Of the 422 who responded, 332 preferred Wilson, forty-seven stuck to Socialist Benson and forty-three went for Hughes.

Meanwhile the two chief candidates of that day were hammering at other issues. Charles Evans Hughes, who had stepped down from the Supreme Court bench to rally divided Republicans, strode up and down the land, his classic parted beard quivering with indignation at Wilson's neutrality policy, his "pussyfooting" toward recalcitrant Mexico, his "visionary" social program.

And the White House incumbent thumped the rostrum, demanding a fresh mandate from the people, insisting that the country must "go forward" with him. Was the country tired of its 1912-'16 "new deal"?

Encouraged by its poll of labor leaders, THE DIGEST submitted the same candidates to its readers in five crucial States—New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. There was no other accurate way to discover what percentage of the Republican strength had come back to the fold since the epochal split of 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt bolted the Party, or what effect the enfranchising of women in twelve States would have on the election.

Confirmation—None who recalls that election can forget the uncertainty that existed until the morning after the vote. Many thousands went to bed confident that Hughes had been the victor. Yet the 30,000 ballots mailed out by THE DIGEST had given an uncannily accurate forecast of the result.

In 1924, THE DIGEST, using its master-list for the first time, canvassed the country on Coolidge, Davis and La Follette. By that year the polling machinery was functioning more and more smoothly. By 1932, it had reached an accuracy of 99.25 per cent., a figure entirely unprecedented in national canvasses, and still unduplicated.

The "system" is both simple and complex. The master-list represents every vocation, every voting age, every religion and every nationality extraction in the country. It is constantly revolving, so that a certain percentage of names change with each poll.

Thus new voters are included, as well as those who have changed their affiliation between elections.

Trained experts have been constantly keeping that master-list up to date, checking names against the latest directories and organization rosters. Thousands of telephone books piled to the ceiling have been combed through for "revises," and new names have filtered in to keep the total at ten million. Soon, the first of the marked ballots will begin to trickle in, tho the tide reaches thousands upon thousands a day at its peak.

Thus an amazing machine goes into action. When it has finished its work, not only Farley and Hamilton, but millions of other guessers, will know how close they have come to the mark.

CAN CRIME WIN? Civic Vigilantes Start After New York's Underworld and Rackets

Stripping off his coat for a knock-down-and-drag-out fight, Father Knickerbocker jumped into action last week to crush the $100,000,000-a-year rackets that batten on New York City. He thought it might take several years for the knock-out.

A committee started the fight, a committee of thirty "civic vigilantes," headed by Harry F. Guggenheim, World War flier, mining executive and former Ambassador to Cuba; it set out to rally the polyglot citizenry of the metropolis for a sustained drive against gangdom. In the key-note of the leader:

"Racketeering and other criminal excesses can flourish in America only when the citizens in a community are not aware of the facts."

© International

Thomas E. Dewey, special prosecutor, who is steering New York citizens' drive on rackets

Eschewing diplomatic language, the ex-Ambassador then emphasized "a challenge which we should be neither too apathetic nor too cowardly to accept."

Vice Enemy—Spearhead of the attack will be a man of whom the country has heard before—Thomas E. Dewey, who, as special investigator and Prosecutor, recently exterminated a prostitution syndicate in New York by sending Charles ("Lucky") Luciano and other vice leaders to prison for long terms. Dewey, short, square-shouldered, and with a huge black mustache—known to his associates as a man who would rather prosecute than eat—already has had a brilliant career, at thirty-four.

A former United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, he was named by Governor Herbert H. Lehman about a year ago to wreck the rackets that drain millions from the metropolis every year. That move was made at the request of a "runaway" grand jury which insisted that local authorities were not coping with the menace.

Dewey's success has been marked. Among fifty-two indictments returned, he has won fifty convictions. He stopped the usury racket dead by imprisoning a score or more of the human leeches who were bleeding borrowers. Then came his conquest of the vice gang. Recently, at the behest of Governor Lehman, two special grand juries were drawn to help Dewey in his fight.

But the retiring grand jury that had worked with him for six months knew he was handicapped. They had seen the racketeer's hand reach even into the grand jury room and close the mouths of witnesses. Business men who feared for their businesses, or their lives, gave evasive or mendacious answers under oath. Exasperated and indignant, the Grand Jury wrote a presentment, making recommendations which led to the organization of the Guggenheim committee.

Aims Outlined—Besides asking for an investigation of the criminal courts, it recommended the formation of a special body of citizens whose aims would be:

"1. To crystallize civic moral support in the work of law enforcement.

"2. To insure the provision of adequate protection for citizens who testify in criminal cases.

"3. To aid the law enforcement officials in causing those who obstruct justice by wilfully withholding essential information to divulge such information.

"4. To convince business men and others that concern for their business or their personal safety need not cause them to hesitate in assisting the machinery of the law, and that in giving their testimony they will have adequate protection."

Civic Examples—Mayor LaGuardia, to whom a copy of the presentment was sent, appointed Mr. Guggenheim to head the Committee. As the group went into action, it had before it reports from two American cities which have been successful in fighting crime—Chicago and Baltimore. From the latter it planned to borrow heavily.

It was back in 1922 that citizens of Baltimore, white-hot with anger over a brutal pay-roll murder, decided to crush the city's criminal element and keep it crushed. They formed the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission, financed it with subscriptions from bankers and business men. So effective was their campaign that to-day they claim to have reduced the criminal's chance of arrest from one in six to one in two.

This is what the Commission, a fact-finding body, has done, or is doing:

1. It cooperated with public officials and the press on the theory that crime can be controlled if punishment is sure, swift and final.

2. It brought about changes in court procedure to land criminals in prison at the earliest possible moment; to-day 90 per cent of all felony cases are tried within three weeks after the arrest.

3. It ran crooked bondsmen out of Criminal and Federal Courts and instituted one of the strictest bail bond systems in the country.

4. It operates a system of records to show the complete history of every felony case reported to the police. This system shows exactly when and where criminal justice fails.

5. It brought about the current State investigation of the Maryland parole system, and now is studying the problem of

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the drunken driver and juvenile crime. Chicago also is conquering the gunman and racketeer. Once "the crime capital of the world," with the underworld bleeding business men by the rule of bullet and bomb, the city has smashed all the big rackets and brought about a sharp reduction in most types of crime.

Chicago, proud, relieved, attributes its escape from criminal domination to three factors: the arousing of public opinion over the tie-up between politics and the underworld, repeal of the National Prohibition Act, ending bootlegging; and relentless prosecution of criminals.

Figures on Civic Virtue—Statistics tell the story. As compiled by State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney, youthful Prosecutor, they indicate a 60 per cent. drop in crime in four years. In 1932, the year after Mayor William Hale Thompson was defeated for reelection, Chicago had 104,319 crimes. In 1933, under Courtney, there were 97,576. Next year there was a further drop, to 76,796, and 1935 saw another reduction, to 60,184. In the first four months of this year, the crime total was 13,338, indicating a probable total for 1936 of 40,000, or a cut of 60 per cent.

Much of the credit for Chicago's clean-up goes to Frank J. Loesch, for nine years head of the Chicago Crime Commission, a body of men organized by business leaders to help public officials.

Courtney crushed the labor-union and kidnaping rackets by sending their leaders to prison and scaring the small fry away. Next he turned to automobile thefts, reducing their number from about 100 a day to four or five. As a reporter for the Chicago *Daily News* wrote:

"The only crime Chicago now has is the occasional crime of passion, or a small stick-up now and then."

New York, taking a lesson from her smaller sister cities, is out to equal their record in the fight on crime.

COUGHLIN DRIVE: He Promises to Swing 9,000,000 Votes to Lemke

"If I can't swing at least 9,000,000 votes to Lemke, I'll quit broadcasting forever. If I can't do that I'm washed up and there's no use of going on."

As perspiring, albeit lusty-voiced and enthusiastic, delegates yelled and chanted "we want Lemke," the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin voiced his beliefs, hopes and opinions on the coming Presidential election. Against the prevalent uproar and confusion he held an impromptu press conference from the stage of Cleveland's Public Hall, where the Convention of the National Union for Social Justice was in session.

The Catholic priest, radio voice from the Shrine of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Michigan, said he would swing 95 per cent. of the six million members and sympathizers of the N.U.S.J. as well as several additional millions of his radio audience, estimated at 30,000,000. By indorsing third party candidates William Lemke and Thomas C. O'Brien, but not the Union Party or its platform, he hoped to alienate enough votes from the major parties so that the choice of President would be thrown into the House of Representatives.

Acme

A resounding radio voice in political action: the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin

When a vote was taken, 8,152 ayes affirmed his stand; only one dissenter was found.

After saying mass at St. John's Cathedral, Father Coughlin had sped to the Public Hall, recent site of Republican and Townsend conventions.

Noisy Crowd—For seventeen minutes the audience stamped, yelled, snapped clappers and cow-bells and threw fans in the air. Under an enlarged photograph of himself, the chunky, bespectacled figure, dressed in black and wearing a clerical collar, pounded his gavel.

Forty per cent. of the assembly were women. The Illinois State banner was toted by Miss Theodora Schenki, six feet four, who weighs 245 pounds. By contrast Mary Louise Cole, five, cheered speakers from her mother's lap.

Financial Tenets—Father Coughlin delivered a heart-to-heart "classroom lecture" which was "to clarify, once and for all, our views on the monetary question: "The Government must deprive banks of their power over credit or 'check-book money'"; there must be no more "usury," "pen money," "inflation," "gold standard" or "nationalization of banks." He advocated that the Federal Reserve Act be replaced by one calling for a government-owned Central Bank from which no private bank could profit.

As his policies were being denounced inside, President Franklin D. Roosevelt drove past the auditorium to visit the Great Lakes Exposition. Several hundred thousand Clevelanders lined the streets to cheer him; 35,014 others broke the attendance record at the Exposition for the same purpose.

"If I had known when Mr. Roosevelt was to pass our convention line, I would have advocated going out to see him," Father Coughlin announced. "The moment we stop honoring the office of President, it will be a sad moment."

On the second day William Lemke was indorsed for President, a constitution for the N.U.S.J. was devised and Father Coughlin was reelected President of the organization. Dr. Francis E. Townsend arrived in Cleveland and declared the plan of the radio priest had "fourteen points too many." At the Convention his associate, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, tore off his coat and in a perspiration-soaked blue shirt, excoriated New Deal policies.

Next day, before 25,000 cheering admirers in the Cleveland Stadium, the priest suffered a fainting spell during his most dramatic address in which he denied being anti-Semitic. Following Lemke and O'Brien on the stand he had also shouted: "My friends, there is nothing wrong with the Constitution." The Convention then ended on the unhappy note of his being aided from the field.

Forty-six in October, the Canadian-born priest has been broadcasting for ten years. Only since 1930, however, has he been reaching a nation-wide audience. In 1934 he launched the N.U.S.J. and a few months later received wide-spread attention for his part in the defeat of American adherence to the World Court.

In his convention report, Father Coughlin declared the N.U.S.J. had received $737,785.52. Source? "Free-will offerings from a postage-stamp to a ten dollar bill." Expenditures amounted to $718,237.82, for salaries, broadcasting over nearly thirty stations, printing, stationery and stamps. Balance on hand: $19,547.70.

PENSIONS AND BALLOTS: Townsend Planners Exult in Florida, Lose in Two Other States

Hammer and tongs, Townsendites threw themselves into primary fights in three States last week, and emerged with two black eyes and a plum.

The plum, a big sweet one, was victory in Florida's Democratic primary to nominate a United States Senator. In Florida, a Democratic nomination is equivalent to election.

The black eyes were inflicted by two battle-scarred veteran campaigners, Senators William E. Borah, Idaho Republican,

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In the Republican primaries for renomination, Senator Borah could not be stopped

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and Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas Democrat, both of whom defeated Townsendites to win renomination.

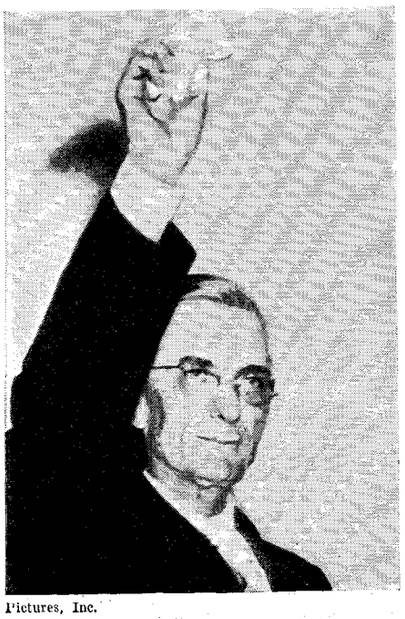
Florida: No longer confined to the Western States, the Townsend recovery program is "sweeping the whole nation," Gilmour Young, National Secretary, exulted last week when C. O. Andrews won the Senatorial nomination in Florida.

Running against an opponent who favored provision for the aged, but refused to indorse any particular plan, Mr. Andrews came out for the scheme of the Townsendites and got their support. Tall, lanky, with whitish hair, he looks surprizingly like Doctor Townsend himself, minus the mustache. He is an ex-judge and a successful lawyer, but his closest interest is the citrus industry. He lives in a two-story stucco house surrounded by a fifty-acre citrus grove outside Orlando.

Comment: "Out of the heart of Florida comes a new United States Senator, and for the first time in the history of Orange County, the halls of Congress will hear from the citrus center"—Orlando *Evening Reporter Star* (Ind.). "Townsendites won a major victory in Florida"—Tampa *Daily Times* (Ind.-Dem.). "The rest of the country probably will give too much credit to the Townsendites for electing Andrews"—Jacksonville *Journal* (Dem.). "He swept to victory with the fighting spirit of four Florida generations of Andrews blood in his veins"—Orlando *Morning Sentinel* (Ind.). "We take no pride in the fact that Florida will be classed as a Townsend State"—Tampa *Tribune* (Dem.).

Idaho: Opposing Senator Borah in Idaho, the Townsendites took their courage in both hands, apparently. Mr. Borah, who has served thirty years in the Senate, is a State and National institution, for hosts of people know all about him who know nothing else about Idaho whatever. Doctor Townsend himself concedes that Borah's reputation is one of the finest in American politics.

His Townsend-indorsed opponent, Byron Defenbach, proved entirely unable to overcome the Senator's huge prestige, particularly in view of the fact that Borah himself favors old-age pensions of from $50 to $60 a month.



Pictures, Inc.

Andrews of Florida: Townsendite victor

Comment: "Students of public affairs have never doubted the election strength of Senator Borah, who, tho he may stray from the fold and ignore the Townsend vote, has managed to duplicate his past popularity at the polls"—*Idaho Evening Times* (Ind.-Dem.). "The Townsendites in Idaho went after Borah. He has licked them four to one. Townsend, as a political factor in the North, is a dead duck. He can not deliver the goods. Borah's victory is America's gain"—William Allen White in the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette* (Ind.-Rep.). "If the Idaho primary election proves anything, it is that Senator William E. Borah has lost none of his old-time popularity, and that his reelection in November is a foregone conclusion"—Twin Falls (Idaho) *News* (Ind.-Rep.).

Arkansas: Like Senator Borah, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, who is Democratic Leader of the Senate and has served four terms in that body, is practically a national monument. He took the opposition of the Townsendites calmly, declared that their proposed $200-a-month old age payments were impossible, and made only a perfunctory campaign. Yet he ran away with the Senatorial nomination.

Comment: "Townsendism suffered an emphatic set-back in the Idaho and Arkansas primary elections. Both Senators Borah and Robinson achieved easy victories against candidates holding out the glittering promise of $200-per-month pensions. That lure seems to have attracted a majority of votes only where there was no substantial opposition"—Washington *Post* (Ind.).

"The primaries indicate that the Townsend movement is less strong in Idaho than was expected and that the New Deal is very strong in Arkansas. Had the Administration lost favor in Arkansas, Robinson, as the President's spokesman, would have felt it"—Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Ind.).

"Two sad and weary war-horses, Borah and Robinson, are thus well started toward another long pull in Senatorial harness. Probably neither views the prospect with enthusiasm. But habit is habit. No more than any one else could they conceive of a Senate without a Bill Borah and a Joe Robinson"—Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette* (Ind.).

PRAYING FIGHTER: Berry Campaigns for Roosevelt Among Embattled Labor's Millions

"Offer a little prayer for the election of Mr. Roosevelt—just for a half-minute, completely quiet."

Maj. George L. Berry, labor leader and New Dealer, stood on a platform in a small ballroom of the Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., last week and, his florid, round face drawn into serious lines, voiced this plea to 300 delegates representing labor groups in every State.

Instantly, the men and women seated in the hot ballroom were silent, and silently they offered their prayers.

As silently, almost as intently, they had listened earlier in the day when Major Berry read a message to the meeting from President Roosevelt. The President was "proud that you are gathering in support of my candidacy," proud that his Administration "has endeavored to promote the ideal of justice for the great masses of America's wage-earners."

© Underwood

Major Berry read a letter from Roosevelt

To be sure, he wrote, some of his laws had been killed by the United States Supreme Court. But, hinting that some way around the Court's decisions would yet be discovered, he expressed "implicit faith that we shall find our way to justice through law." His message set the delegates cheering and brought them to their feet.

Estimates of Power—There was a solemn note in their meeting, as if they felt it to be historically important. They knew that Labor's Non-Partizan League had been organized by Major Berry last spring to swing the labor vote behind Roosevelt. They knew that the Major already claims three million votes in addition to their own, and expects five million by Election Day. They had gathered in Washington in the League's first national meeting to indorse the President as "the advocate and spearhead of genuine democracy" and to set up a permanent organization, a possible nucleus of a liberal or labor party in 1940.

Applauding every reference to President Roosevelt, hissing every reference to Governor Landon, they listened while the former was lauded and the latter lambasted by Major Berry, John L. Lewis, head of the Committee for Industrial Organization, and other speakers.

Major Berry predicted that labor would tip the balance of power for Roosevelt in at least five, perhaps as many as twelve, States. Mr. Lewis, whose *basso profundo*, rumpled hair and two-fisted gestures seemed incongruous in the many-mirrored, ornate room, set the delegates chortling by calling Governor Landon "this little man out in Topeka, Kansas, who has no more conception or idea of what ails America or what to do about it than a goatherder in the hills of Bulgaria."

Dismissed with a "God bless you" from Major Berry, the delegates then trooped out. They had said nothing whatever of

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WITH THE PROPHETS

Kansas

"With Democratic registrations at the highest point, the indications are that the Democrats will naturally fare better than ever in Kansas."—*Democratic National Committee.*

"We should have a clean sweep in Kansas."—*Chester C. Bolton, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee.*

New York

"It doesn't make any difference, tho, who the Republicans nominate, for Herbert H. Lehman will be the next Governor of New York."—*James A. Farley, Democratic National Chairman.*

"Both President Roosevelt and he [Mr. Farley] realize the weakness in New Deal ranks in the State."—*Melvin C. Eaton, New York State Republican Chairman.*

Labor

"We propose to march with him [Roosevelt] until 1940, at which time his term as President will have been completed."—*Maj. George L. Berry, Chairman of Labor's Non-Partizan League.*

"Labor as a whole is not going to go for President Roosevelt." — *Munro Roberts, Vice-President International Typographical Union.*

Lemke

"Representative Lemke, who is a self-appointed candidate for President, obviously can not win."—*Louis Waldman, New York State Chairman of Socialist Party.*

"All I know is that we are going to win—and don't let any one tell you we are not."—*Representative William Lemke.*

The Nation

"I don't see how President Roosevelt can lose the country, as this fellow Landon looks to me like a set-up."—*A. Harry Moore, Democratic Senator from New Jersey.*

"The race will not be close at all. Landon will be overwhelmingly elected and I'll stake my reputation as a prophet on it."—*William Randolph Hearst.*

the split in labor's forces which had occurred a week earlier, when the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor ordered Mr. Lewis to disband his CIO, which would organize workers by whole industries rather than merely by crafts, or face expulsion on September 5.

Tho William Green, President of the Federation, says he is "thrilled" by President Roosevelt's leadership, his absence from the Non-Partizan League meeting in Washington was as conspicuous as the presence of his arch opponent, Mr. Lewis.

Press Comment—Despite the Green-Lewis split, the Washington weekly newspaper *Labor* is inclined to agree with predictions that 90 per cent. of labor's votes will be marked for President Roosevelt.

"American labor," nods the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Journal Gazette* (Dem.), "had to wait nearly 105 years to get a friend like President Roosevelt in the White House. . . . It will vote to keep him."

But this view is bombarded from both Left and Right.

Left: "Back-slapping indorsement of Roosevelt alone will not defeat reaction"—the Seattle *Voice of Action.* "Labor's crying need is for political action divorced from both major capitalist parties"—the *Western Worker* of San Francisco (Comm.).

Right: "President Roosevelt's letter to George L. Berry . . . is a prize exhibit in the literature of delusion with which the Roosevelt Administration has sought to befuddle the nation"—Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). "The letter . . . dissipates any notion that the President is swinging his campaign toward the Right of Center."—New York *Sun* (Ind.). "Out here in the agricultural section Berry doesn't plow a very deep furrow"—*The Daily Reporter* (Rep.) of Independence, Kansas.

ROOSEVELT AND LANDON WARMING UP

At the summer "White House" in Hyde Park, New York, President Roosevelt packed his vacation clothes in moth balls and prepared to return to Washington.

Back at his desk for the first time in a month, he buckled down to two solid days of conferences in an effort to catch up before he started his "non-political" tours of the country's flood and drought areas.

At his regular Tuesday press conference, the President was in high spirits, roared away in his big motor-car afterwards "for a visit to Secretary of War Dern," who was ill in the Capital's Walter Reed Hospital.

Quiet Conference—Washington reporters did not learn that they had been fooled until they picked up the Baltimore *Sun* next morning, read that the President had slipped down into Maryland for a powwow with Maryland Democratic leaders, secretly assembled at the estate of Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles.

Packed and ready to leave on his tour of flood control projects in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York, the President called one final conference, at breakfast, with his tax legislation leaders—Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Senator Harrison, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Representative Doughton of North Carolina, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Their decision was to add no new New Deal taxes at the next session of Congress, possibly eliminate some of the present "nuisance" taxes.

Touring President—In midmorning the President set out on his special train for a whirlwind tour of Johnstown, Pennsylvania; Binghamton, New York; Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, with a dash through Cleveland's newest WPA projects and the Great Lakes Exposition there.

The high spot of the tour, however, was the "important speech on foreign affairs" which the President had arranged to deliver at the Chautauqua, New York, Institute, exactly ten days before the scheduled speech of Governor Alf. M. Landon before the same Institute.

"While the President's summer tours already have been announced as non-political in nature," the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.) remarked, with raised eyebrows, "they will have the value of permitting him to show himself in the same doubtful areas where the Republicans will make their most Herculean efforts."

With a sigh of relief, the President returned to Hyde Park at the end of his bustling week, for another seven days' breather before he set out on his "non-political" tour of the drought area on August 26, and his scheduled meeting with Governor Landon in a drought conference there.

In the Executive Mansion at Topeka, Kansas, Gov. Alf M. Landon feverishly worked over his first campaign speeches, before he set out for an eight-day vacation at the McGraw Ranch, in Estes Park, 8,200 feet up in the Colorado Rockies.

Shut in with a summer cold, the Governor begged off from conferences he had scheduled with Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Munro Roberts, a Vice-President of the International Typographical Union.

Mr. Roberts turned up for his conference in Topeka anyway, and while the Non-Partizan League, in Washington, boomed President Roosevelt and blasted Alf Landon, Mr. Roberts sang a different tune.

Indorsement—"I have examined Landon's labor record and find it satisfactory," he said. "When this record becomes known to organized labor and the people as a whole, they also will find it satisfactory.

"A few labor leaders have cast their lot with Roosevelt and have issued partizan statements to make it appear that organized labor as a whole is supporting the President. When supporters of Governor Landon get into action, this picture will be changed."

In the evening the Governor was feeling well enough to invite newspaper correspondents to the Executive Mansion for a duck dinner.

Next day, tho, the cold had brought on a touch of pleurisy. Doctor's orders were, "No callers," and the Governor passed most of the day in bed, polishing up his speeches as he waited for train time, while the thermometer danced around the 100 mark.

Crowds had gathered at stations all along the Governor's route but word had to be sent ahead that he would make no back-platform appearances. At Junction City, Kansas, however, the crowd was so noisy and insistent that the Governor yanked up his window-blind and chatted with them from his berth.

Eager Crowd—At Boulder, Colorado, several thousand people had jammed in front of the Court-House to greet the Governor.

"You're going to get Colorado," somebody shouted.

"That's fine," grinned the Governor.

While "the boss" settled down in Estes Park for a little fishing and riding, a lot of resting and some more polishing on his West Middlesex, Pennsylvania; Chautauqua Lake and Buffalo, New York, speeches, John D. M. Hamilton, Republican Chairman, was finishing his air-plane speaking tour of the West. Col. Frank Knox, just starting on "the toughest, fightingest schedule ever laid out for a candidate," was preparing to leave the field for the week of August 20-26, so that the full glare of the spotlight would turn on Alf Landon as he set out from Estes Park on August 20 on his first Eastern campaign trip.

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SAFE AND SANE: Nation's Most Careful Motor-Car Drivers Outline Rules

"I think young people are the most dangerous drivers . . ."

"I'm afraid of slow pokes on the road . . ."

"I always turn corners at five miles an hour . . ."

"I go as fast as hell on an open road . . ."

"I think women are awful drivers . . ."

"I'm sure men can't drive as well as women . . ."

Such are the comments of some of America's "safe" automobile drivers. For seven weeks contests were held throughout the country to find and reward safe drivers. Any one who had driven ten years and covered more than 50,000 miles was eligible, according to the rules of the Commercial Investment Trust Safety Foundation, which sponsored the search.

"Find forty-nine representatives of the safest drivers in the country," was the motto. Winners were not to be "the safest" or "the best"—but rather from the rank and file of these categories. A few State Governors grumbled at the idea of sanctioning any such vague idea, and from several corners came dire mutterings that the idea of safety was being overdone.

Touring Winners—Nevertheless, the contests were held, and next week the winners will converge on New York from every State; they will be fêted at the Waldorf-Astoria, introduced to the Mayor and given a chance to try their brakes on Manhattan's red lights. For the trip each driver will be paid eight cents a mile, with Western delegates much more pleased over this angle than their New England brethren.

Once again, in this contest, accepted statistics and general theories on driving were at odds with the facts. From four States women emerged winners; in others youth showed itself to be just as capable at the steering-wheel as age, tho in Connecticut, Edson A. Perkins, seventy-seven, stole the show. Asked how he managed to drive so well, he replied: "Keep the car in good repair, see the tires are sound and look out for the other fellow."

All the contest-winners had their own ideas about safety. In answer to queries, they managed to berate other drivers, old and young, male and female, depending on who made the statement. "I think young people are the most dangerous drivers, but the slow driver on a crowded highway can cause many accidents," opined Edward Macaulay, New York's prize-bearer. Having driven more than a million miles in thirty-seven years, he was a popular figure with the press when he revealed that once he had chauffeured "Diamond Jim" Brady. "But I couldn't stand it more than a week," he reminisced. "The old boy always had a car full of screaming females."

War on Recklessness—As the returns reached the C.I.T. headquarters, officials were pleased to see how their safety campaign was developing. Inaugurated last May, the Foundation is financed to the extent of $50,000 a year. Reason for its inception: alarm over reckless driving. Facts at hand revealed that in 1935 more than one million persons were killed or injured in automobile accidents. More than 100,000 of these were permanently injured. The death toll was 34,100. Another curious fact was that only 15 per cent. of these accidents were due to pedestrians, jaywalking and midstreet indecision.

Acme

What happens to an automobile in a smash-up after a 230-foot drop

Seven classifications were used to catalog the contest-winners: State, name and address, sex, age, occupation, number of years' driving experience, and total mileage. A grand total of 20,000,000 miles was listed by the forty-nine successful gear-shifters. John A. Burt, salesman, of Salt Lake City, was the unofficial distance champion with 1,500,000 miles to his credit. His nearest competitors were Howard C. Hutchinson, a deputy registrar of Hydetown, Pennsylvania, and Emmett M. Williams, farmer and contractor, of Monroe, Georgia.

Mrs. Mae R. Fisher, forty-eight-year-old housewife, winner from Detroit, maintains that successful driving depends on sporadic speed and slowness—but no lethargy. "I never turn a corner in congested streets at more than five miles an hour; but on an open road I go as fast as I want to."

Winners came from divers walks of life. Art Wilke, undertaker, took the honors in Texas; Charles D. Kisthardt, plumber, garnered Ohio laurels. In Virginia, Guy F. Walton, coal dealer, was the winner, as was Rollin Charles Stitser, publisher, of Winnemucca, Nevada. Two of the feminine prize-holders are housewives, one a widow; and the fourth and youngest, Mrs. Ruth Ziemer, thirty-two, of Tacoma, Washington, is a bookkeeper and credit manager. H. C. Heflin, thirty, a service-station operator of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is the youngest male winner.

Promoter Joyous—John W. Darr of the C.I.T. was pleased with results of the initial safety contests. "But it's just a beginning," he said. "Next year we'll have eleven months to conduct the tests, and in that time we ought to find some excellent drivers. But after all is said and done, we are merely trying to prove one point. If such imposing records can be accomplished by a few drivers, they can be established by every one. Our roads are what they are, our cars are what they are, and human beings are what they are. It's all right to dream about the future—but we're dealing with the present."

Several Eastern winners appeared on the radio with Rudy Vallee and fumbled their lines. One exasperated listener declared: "There ought to be safety on the air, too."

U. S. FOR PEACE: President Stirs Chautauqua With Assurance, Describes War's Horrors

White handkerchiefs fluttered by the thousands when President Roosevelt entered the spacious auditorium at Chautauqua last week. White handkerchiefs waved aloft, are Chautauqua's means of salutation to highly distinguished guests.

The President had traveled to this educational center on Chautauqua Lake, New York, to make an address decidedly to the liking of his serious-minded hearers—on peace and how to maintain it.

He had passed unnumbered hours, he said, thinking and planning how war might be kept from this nation. With obvious satisfaction, he pointed to the pacific nature of his international policies: "We have negotiated a Pan-American convention embodying the principle of non-intervention We have abandoned the Platt Amendment which gave us the right to intervene in the internal affairs of the Republic of Cuba We have withdrawn American Marines from Haiti."

To all this his hearers listened quietly and respectfully, but they tingled and banged their palms together when the President, in one of his most fervent oratorical passages declared: "I have seen war. I have seen war on land and sea. I have seen blood running from the wounded. I have seen men coughing out their gassed lungs. I have seen the dead in the mud. I have seen cities destroyed. I have seen 200 limping, exhausted men come out of line—the survivors of a regiment of 1,000 that went forward forty-eight hours before. I have seen children starving. I have seen the agony of mothers and wives. I hate war."

Editorial View—The New York *Times* expressed the attitude of many commentators on this section of the speech: "All told, the Chautauqua address was one of the finest compositions that have come from Mr. Roosevelt's pen. It was eloquent and moving in those passages which showed how he in his own experience and his own soul had come to loathe war. Its appeal will surely meet a wide response in the United States, and, by its high and impartial tone, be a voice heard in the uttermost parts of the earth."

COLUMNISTS' VIEWS: Writers Appraise Activities of Hamilton, Republican Chairman

Jay Franklin, Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate, in twenty-six newspapers: "Gov. Alf Landon seems to be a perfectly nice fellow who wears his waders well and is at home in a trout stream, but the idea is growing that he ought never to have been nominated for the Presidency. John Hamilton, his campaign manager, is the man, not Landon. Hamilton is aggressive, magnetic, adroit, a good orator, a wily schemer, a slick politician, a chap who already has had the experience of running for high office and being licked. Hamilton knows the game, sits next to the dealer, and plays the cards as they fall. Landon is a perfectly pleasant family man who is trying to keep his head under the glare of unctuous publicity and who does what Hamilton tells him to do. Perhaps it's

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not too late to change. It would still be politically possible to rectify the mistake made at Cleveland. Have Governor Landon withdraw, have a rump convention, nominate Hamilton, and let 'er rip!"

Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Features Service, in twenty-three newspapers: "Mr. Hamilton himself has been the storm-center of considerable internal pulling and hauling [within the Republican Party]. He has been beset from two sides. On one side are the surviving Old Guard Party leaders, who opposed his being made National Chairman as a result of several pre-convention clashes. On the other side are a number of Governor Landon's Progressive advisers who feel that Mr. Hamilton, always a member of the conservative faction in Kansas Republican politics, has been playing the reactionary side of the street. These advisers feel that Mr. Hamilton is making too many speeches defining Party policy, and that in this he is committing the candidate to a line of campaign which does not always reflect the moderate path which Governor Landon has sought to follow."

Paul Mallon, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers: "Murmurs of disapproval are heard in some eminent Republican quarters because Chairman John Hamilton has gone off on a three-week barnstorming trip of one-night stands and left headquarters to run itself. Old-time politicos are unaccustomed to such a display of personal zeal on the part of a party chairman. Some of them are rhetorically asking who is running for President, while others are supposed to have carried mild counter-suggestions right up to the door of his office. They did not get anywhere. Hamilton told these cautious advisers that the prospects of success rested largely with the Party organization and the organization rested with the county chairmen. He wanted to meet every county chairman in the country before the campaign was over. Also, he told them about one county chairman in a central city of great political importance, not off the beaten path, who had never seen the Chairman of the National Committee in the twelve years he had been in office."

David Lawrence, New York *Sun* and 160 newspapers: "I find that, while there is great admiration for the work of stimulating morale which Mr. Hamilton is doing so effectively by visiting local chairmen, he seems to have been a good deal of a disappointment thus far as an organizer. . . . Mr. Hamilton has had a good deal of publicity. Some of his speeches have been effective not only because they were aggressive but because he seemed to strike at New Deal weaknesses, but it is beginning to be said in quarters not at all friendly to the New Deal and just as interested in Republican success as is Mr. Hamilton that the National Chairman is overdoing the speech-making. Whatever the merits of that aspect, the fact remains that, while Mr. Hamilton has been away from headquarters, there has been little cohesion and lots of lost action. In the last few days it is understood that the situation became so clearly a matter for prompt adjustment that Chairman Hamilton decided to bring in an office executive to develop a better administrative mechanism. He selected Arthur A. Ballantine of New York, to whom he gave the title of Assistant to the Chairman."

Topics in Brief

We think we know why those ushers in refrigerated movie theaters are so stiff: They're frozen.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Japan is out of the League and walking out of naval meets, but is still keeping up its membership in China, we see.—*Detroit News.*

Northern China is being overrun with Japanese troops. Now we know how Nicaragua must have felt about our Marines. —*Wichita Eagle.*

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says liquor taxes are too high. Well, if he's beginning to feel it, there must be something in what he says.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

"You can't do anything successfully without first practising a lot," declares a professor. How about making a parachute jump?—*Providence News-Tribune.*

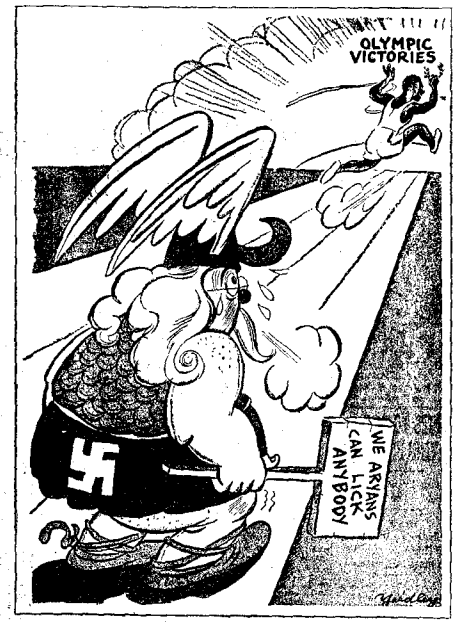
Owing to previous commitments during the meeting of magicians at Batavia (N. Y.), Mr. Farley was not on hand with his new illusion, "48 States in a Bag."—*Barron's.*

The President let his beard grow, and astonishment was expressed that the beard was white. What do the Republicans expect of Santa Claus?—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

Rudolph Hess says the Nazis want a type of woman "intellectually capable to stand by her husband." Any woman ought to be able to master the Nazi salute.—*Illinois State Journal.*

Senator Soaper says Lemke's proposal to talk about money and leave out personalities won't work—every household budget debate starts off like that.—*Omaha Morning World-Herald.*

Father Coughlin's apology to President Roosevelt was on a parity with the recantation of Galileo when they forced him to say publicly that the world didn't move.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*



TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

—Yardley in the Boston Herald

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

—Elderman in the Washington Post

Piano production in the past six months is reported to have increased 300 per cent. Doesn't that sound grand? —*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The claques that manufacture those hour-long ovations are out of luck now that the political parties have to pay for time on the air.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

"Sloan, Warning of False Boom, Sails for Europe."—*Herald Tribune.* And don't listen to these prosperity howlers while he is away.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Head-line says Aviator Pangborn, at odds over a sponsored Paris flight, splits with Texas Centennial. But doesn't everybody have to do that?—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

Shrapnel fell on Gibraltar Wednesday as loyal Spanish warships fired on rebel planes. Nothing was damaged, however, not even the insurance company's sign.—*Springfield Union.*

It is worth a Democratic blue ribbon to have been a Roosevelt Man Before Chicago. Only time will tell whether it pays to be a Roosevelt Man After Philadelphia. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Detroit *News* wonders why the Communists don't make more of the evidence that the son of "Eric the Red," was the original discoverer of North America. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The older slogan seems to have been elaborated somewhat to conform to the principles of Mr. Farley's dollar-ticket campaign. The mail must go through, and the mail-men must come through.—*Boston Herald.*

Various polls in the farm States show that the New Deal going is becoming a little tougher each day, and right on top of that, Eleanor writes from the ancestral estate at Hyde Park that "I woke early this morning and felt positively cold."—*Kansas City Times.*

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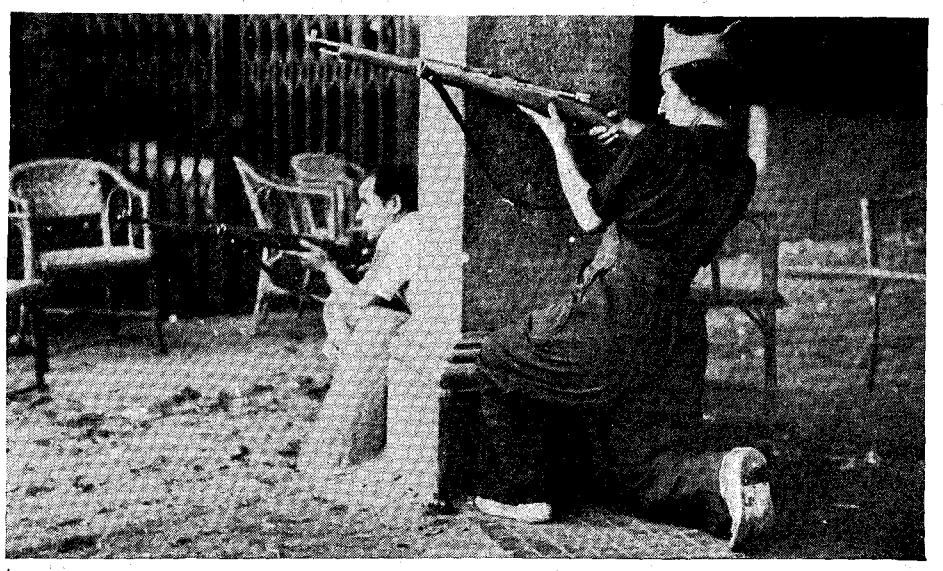
Foreign Comment

"CARMENS" IN SPANISH DEATH DANCE

European Worry Rises; Uruguay Asks Pan-American Mediation



Acme

Valencia: no jazz, but a song of death this Señorita plays for rebel snipers

The broad avenues of Madrid and the rocky roads of Old Castile for weeks have resounded to the lightsome tread of *señoras* and *señoritas*, as tho all Spain had turned out for a *fiesta* of endless dancing. It is the Dance of Death, and the supple-hipped *Carmens* of the Revolution, for want of roses, toss bombs as they whirl. Matching stride for stride with their men, the women of Spain march out to fight and die, a song on their lips, rifles on their shoulders, and hate in their hearts. Had not *La Pasionaria* (The Passion Flower) summoned them to battle?

Last week, *La Pasionaria*—Basque-born Dolores Ibarruri, the Cortes's vitriol-tongued Communist Deputy—established headquarters of the nation-wide Committee of Leftist Women in the magnificently appointed bedchamber of the Duke of Saragossa in Madrid. There, this amazing, untiring woman of forty-one, wife of a Red Mayor, promised to show herself between dashes from the battle-field to the Government broadcasting station for blistering broadsides at church and nobles and to the recruiting stations, where youths who do not want to fight find a trip to the trenches more pleasant than her ire.

Most devoted of all Loyalists, this black-eyed, stately idol of her country's *Red Rositas* learned to hate grandees as a miner's daughter who was forced in childhood to toil as maid, waitress and laundress. She wanted to become a teacher, but when that proved impossible she schooled herself, turning to the writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin. From them she learned to think of her own personal struggle as symbolic of a world class struggle.

Fighting Worker—Her conversion to Communism plunged her into strike after strike. Then she married a Communist, went to jail with him, saw her home destroyed and fled to Russia in 1934. Last winter she was named to the Executive Committee of the Seventh Congress of the Third Internationale.

Returning to Spain after the Leftist election victory of last year, she plunged again into the endless fight. When the Fascists rose, she roused the "Direct Action" girls and women to a frenzy, goaded them to take their revenge on the priests and grandees, taunted them to flout the Church by marrying their sweethearts quickly before the Madrid Revolutionary Committee, then packed them off, boy and girl, man and woman, to the Guadarrama Mountains to defend the Capital. So prodigious was her power, so eloquent her tongue, that the Government formed an all-woman's Amazon Battalion in the Fifth Regiment, where they might fight for Spain's Jeanne d'Arc.

For Dolores Ibarruri also remembered Spain's St. Joan—the martyred Aida Lafuente, seventeen-year-old *señorita* who two years ago led a young Communist horde against the then reactionary Government, and died before a firing-squad outside the Church of San Pedro in Oviedo. To Spanish women of the Left, lovely Aida is the Symbol of Revolution.

No less symbolic of revolution was a New York *Times* dispatch reporting that more than 700 Rightists and Royalists had been executed by Red militiamen in Madrid, where 7,000 other nobles, priests, nuns, fascists, army officers, and capitalists quaked in crowded cells, waiting in agony for their names to be called. Was it to be another French Revolution, with Spanish *citoyennes* of 1936 cheering the executioners on?

Modern Moors—Loyalists, too, shared something of their hostages' horror when they heard that thousands of black-bearded Moroccans, clad in red *fezzes* and baggy trousers, had pushed their way through the southern Provinces under Gen. Francisco Franco, commander-in-chief of the insurgents. Memory traveled back 1,300 years in history to the day the ancestors of these same African Arabs swooped down upon the Iberian Peninsula, and held it in bondage until they were finally ousted in 1492.

As General Franco's newly created Civil Guards and rough-riding Foreign Legionnaires marched from his Seville headquarters through Provinces of formerly grandee-oppressed, landless peasants, they suffered from ambushers and snipers, forcing Franco to draw all the effectives he could spare from Malaga. His strategy of pushing a drive through the villages of Guadalquivir toward Linares on the most direct route to Madrid was impeded.

Undaunted, his Seville commander, Gen. Gonzalo Queipo de Llano bragged: "We will have Madrid in less than two weeks!" Then he gestured toward the twenty heavy German Junker bombers and seven Italian Caproni planes in the airport.

General Franco, however, was disappointed by the slow progress of the northern insurgents, and flew post-haste to Bourgos, where he bruskly released himself from the embrace of his Generals, stony-eyed Emilio Mola and elderly San Miguel Cabanellas. Despite the claims of their broadcasts, he learned their biggest success was the capture of Tolosa, sixteen miles from beleaguered San Sebastian and Irun, which his forces have been vainly trying to take from their loyalist men and women defenders. Franco himself could account for no greater feat than the disabling of Madrid's crack battle-ship, the *Jaime Primero*.

Troop Problem—Still unable to relieve substantially the northern sector, his biggest problem was to stem the discontent in Morocco, where his lack of ready cash failed to raise the 30,000 troops he promised.

So far, not more than 5,000 Legionnaires and Moors have landed on the mainland, while the 12,000 native regulars are held back in Africa because their pay-rolls have been irregular.

Meanwhile, with swift vengeance, Barcelona's fiery Reds court-martialed Gen. Manuel Goded and Alvaro Fernandez Buriel, and sent them to the firing-squads. From Madrid's War Ministry came reports that the loyalists had won upward of eleven victories and "consolidated their positions" in the north, that rebel-held Bourgos and Valladolid were suffering from epidemics, that 200 Asturias miners had catapulted dynamite into Oviedo's army barracks, and that the besieged garrison of Alcazar in Toledo was killing horses for food. Openly, the Government declared the following Provinces to be war-zones: Huelva, Cadiz, Coruna, Lugo, Pontevedra,

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Equal rights for women in Spain: from behind her rifle this young girl hates Fascists

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the Balearic and Canary Islands, Spanish Morocco, Ifui and Rio de Oro.

Meanwhile, as the civil war dragged on into its second bloody, indecisive month, and Europe trembled over the prospect of being drawn in, Uruguay startled the world this week by issuing a call for outright intervention.

From Montevideo, José Espalter, Uruguay's Foreign Minister, summoned the twenty-one nations of the Pan-American Union, the United States included, to intercede in Madrid's struggle, "in a spirit of cordial mediation."

Peace Plea—On the dubious premise that civil, as well as other wars, may be halted by mediation, the crusading Uruguayan round-robined member Republics to hurry diplomatists to the handsome palace at Washington presented to the Union by the late Andrew Carnegie.

"Nations of the American Continent can not remain impassive spectators," he declared (the opposite of the Washington official view). How the Union's intervention in the scattered massacres of the Iberian Peninsula was to be conducted, he did not explain.

In Europe, France's frantic negotiations for agreed non-intervention, feebly backed by Great Britain, continued stalemated by ifs and buts from Rome and Berlin, by ill-disguised direct aid to the rebels from both these capitals, and by private and partizan aid to both warring forces.

As more than a hundred German and Italian planes, with German and Italian pilots, concentrated at rebel army southern headquarters at Seville, more than a score of French pilots arrived at Madrid to fight on the side of the Government.

Foreign Thrust—First direct violation of foreign territory by either warring army occurred Sunday when a Loyalist (Government) plane, aiming at rebels on the Spanish bank of the Bidassoa (boundary river) blew up a restaurant on the French bank in the village of Biratou; and dropped two other bombs, one a dud, on the town—with no casualties.

Substantiation by a British Embassy report from Rome of the week-old rumor of Mussolini's offer of aid to the rebels in return for a naval base opposite Gibraltar or in the Balearic Islands sent shudders up Downing Street spines.

Announcement that neither the British nor the American Governments at the moment have authority to prohibit shipments of war material to either Government or rebel forces opened the way for a Roman holiday for minor war speculators, after immediate profits no matter what the cause or the consequences.

German Comment—Says the *Frankfurter Zeitung:* "The lack of decision in the Spanish Civil War aggravates the war of diplomatic notes at present being waged all over Europe. Non-intervention, which, at the beginning seemed simple, is becoming more and more complicated daily."

Says *Das Schwarze Korps:* "Two worlds are celebrating Olympics—the civilized world in Berlin, the underworld at Barcelona."

Russian Comment—*Pravda* of Moscow: "German Fascism in Spain is the supporter of the decaying remnants of feudalism and the most murderous elements of big capital because it expects to make Spain, if not its own vassal, then an ally of Fascist Germany against France. . . . German and Italian Fascists are endeavoring to create a new hotbed of war; this is why the struggle of the Spanish workers and peasants for a democratic Republic is at the same time a struggle for peace."

Italian Comment—The Rome *Tribuna:* "There are two insurrections in Spain. One fights the existing Government, aiming to expel it, while another has already made it prisoner and holds it for hostage."

Popolo di Roma, alluding to Communism: "A thin veil separates our so-called civilized world from the darkest barbarism. Such a veil collapsed first in Russia and now in Spain, and man makes us appear worse than monsters which we doubted ever existed."

British Comment—*The Manchester Guardian:* "Wanton and gratuitous as was the action of the rebel officers in deliberately plunging the country into the horrors of civil war, its horror is increased by the instruments they employ. Yet, if Spain is 'saved' as admirers of the rebels would have it saved 'from Bolshevism and for Christianity,' it will be the ferocious Mohammedan troops who will save it."

Says *The Manchester Guardian* in connection with French non-intervention: "There is no precedent in international usage for this deliberate handicapping of recognized constitutional rights by a freely elected Government in its efforts to maintain existence."

A KING AND A PAL: Edward VIII Incognito Mingles With Fisherfolk Along Dalmatian Coast

The Duke of Lancaster, who is also Edward VIII, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, sailed *incognito* last week on a holiday cruise in the Adriatic.

The humbler title could not save the simple figure in gray suit and straw hat from the Croats, the most strident minority in the uneasy Yugoslav Kingdom formed under Serb domination on the collapse of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Clad in bright scarlet and blue peasant costumes, they jammed the Harbor of Sibenik, flaunting their forbidden national flag. "Long live the constitutional King!" they cried, and "Long live independent Croatia!" For once police did not interfere, and the object of the demonstration made no reply.

He had flown across the British Channel to Calais in fourteen minutes, using his own plane, with Flight Lieut. Edward H Fielden, first Captain of the King's Flight, at the controls. Respecting his *incognito*, French officials ordered the Union Jack lowered at the airport where he landed, the first British monarch to fly abroad. Gendarmes lined the right of way as his train sped across France.

Camera Enthusiast—At Salzburg, Austria, the King strolled through the hilly town during a two-hour wait, snapping photographs, left for Yugoslavia, popped back Sunday to hear Arturo Toscanini conduct, masterfully, Beethoven's only (and difficult for singers) opera, "Fidelio." Also present, Prince Otto of Hapsburg, aspirant to Austria's throne, and Chancellor Kurt Schushnigg who, awaiting an auspicious moment, keeps it dusted. Prince Paul, Regent for young Yugoslav King Peter, who turned up to greet him at the Yugoslav border, gasped at the British monarch's vacation togs: gray suit, apricot shirt, red tie and tan shoes.

More *incognito* than the King were the men and women who accompanied him. Even the most sensational London newspapers, respecting his wish for privacy, announced merely that "some of His Majesty's personal friends have been invited to accompany him."

In that nameless state, the group of five crossed Europe. Presumably none of the ladies will gather immortality like that which the monarch's gay grandfather, Edward VII, bestowed on a French vacation companion. The chef of a Riviera hotel, inventor of a noble French pancake, had wanted to name it for the royal *gourmet*, but the monarch insisted the fame should go to his little friend—hence *Crêpes Suzettes*.

Last week an ambitious reporter at Sibenik counted while sailors—members of a crew of fifty—loaded 110 pieces of luggage on the steam yacht *Nahlin* (Indian for Fleetfoot). The 1,391-ton ship, pride of Britain's $100,000,000 widow, Lady Yule, was chartered because

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King Edward VIII hops about by plane, or yacht, sometimes by horse

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the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, 4,700 tons, is too big to enter the shallow bays and inlets of the picturesque Dalmatian Coast.

Setting a Style—The King sailed among lovely wooded islands, sometimes anchoring in little telephoneless ports to talk with fishermen who believed he was a naval officer. By purchasing one of the cotton shirts they wear at work, he started a boom among natives and tourists.

Fishing, swimming in the canvas tank installed on deck for the cruise, and golf practise constituted the King's sports. Under the eye of a noted pro, Archie Compston, he started to drive some of the 3,000 golf balls aboard into the Adriatic. Fishermen also taught him a new game, *botsch* (pronounced bōucha), a local form of bowling.

The King, as well as Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, had canceled scheduled French vacations, giving as their reason the Spanish trouble. The civil war—and the danger of complications at Gibraltar—also obliged the King to sail from Yugoslavia instead of Southampton. Yet London whispered that not Spain's war, but an imminent Fascist coup in France, had made that country undesirable for prominent British vacationers.

POLAND VEERS: New Dictator Friendly to France, With Cold Shoulder for Germany

A rearming Reich, in the eyes of its terrified neighbors, crouches in the middle of Europe like a tiger ready to spring. But where?

That question disturbs no nation more than Poland. If Germany expands southward into Austria and Czechoslovakia, Poland will be saved. If she strikes north toward the Baltic, the Polish Corridor, which cuts across the Reich to give Poland a sea outlet, will vanish overnight.

Two recent events increased Poland's nervousness. First, the Free City of Danzig, a former German area which lies just east of the Corridor, defied the League to interfere in its Nazi-controlled affairs. By figuratively thumbing his nose at Geneva—as he did literally at the press gallery—the Danzig representative indicated he had Berlin's full support behind him. As if to prove it, he returned home and suspended the Free City's Constitution.

Second, Adolf Hitler signed an agreement whole-heartedly recognizing Austria's independence.

It looked as if he planned to strike north. Poland, which loves to sit on the diplomatic fence and flirt with France and Germany, cast an eye toward Paris. She has treaties with both countries. The 1934 German-Polish agreement, which pledged non-aggression for ten years, constituted Hitler's first victory in the diplomatic field. It made the two countries "buddies," supplanting for all practical purposes the post-War French alliance under which the French and Polish Armies are pledged to come to each other's help in case of attack.

Peasants Pleased—The German friendship flowered under the favor of the late dictator, Marshal Josef Pilsudski, and Foreign Minister Josef Beck. Peasants and soldiers traditionally feel closer to the French. Both groups rejoiced last month when General

Wide World

Gen. Maurice Gustave Gamelin: in Poland, from France, about Germany

Edward Rydj-Smigly, Inspector-General of the Army, was officially proclaimed second man in the country after President Ignaz Moscicki, an inactive figurehead. It meant that a pro-Frenchman had inherited Pilsudski's powers.

Last week, Poland saw the first results of the new dictator's Paris flirtation, when Gen. Maurice Gustave Gamelin, Chief of the General Staff, arrived in Warsaw for a five-day visit. The gray-haired, keen, mustached little Frenchman arrived, inconveniently, by way of Austria, having declined to take the shorter trip through Germany.

The dignified host and his guest have much in common. Gamelin made a brilliant war record as aid to General Joffre; the Pole, a promising young artist when Pilsudski converted him to the anti-Russian cause, also proved his worth in battle, and became the dead leader's right-hand man. Both are reserved, quiet, opposed to the obvious methods of politicians.

Students of War—Both relish secrecy when sticking pins in sprawling military maps, and no word of their conversations leaked to the press.

Yet in Warsaw and Paris, editors were enthusiastic over the revival of an old friendship. "The Franco-Polish alliance is the firmest bilateral agreement in Europe," the *Gazeta Polska* gloated, forgetting that it had been a dead letter for years. In France, newspaper men suggested sympathetically that only the lack of cash had prevented the sister army and air force from becoming "the strong instruments for peace which they should be." A general understanding spread that France would provide those funds in a generous loan, permitting Poland to motorize the Army and pep up the air force.

The proposed loan carries the faint odor of a bribe, since before it can be granted the two general staffs must agree on definite moves in case of war. The hitch there may well be the French alliance with the Soviet Union, which Poland fears more than she dreads the Reich and with good reason, since she remembers that Soviet troops pushed through the very gates of Warsaw in 1920.

Press Comment—"It is not enough to be pro-French," as the London *New Statesman and Nation* succinctly observed. "If the (Polish) Army's aim is to replace the Soviet Union in the French security system, the total will be a minus quantity. There ought to be room in the councils of peace for France, Russia and Poland."

On the surface, Germany accepted the sudden revival of Franco-Polish friendship calmly. In Berlin, spokesmen observed that Hitler's Polish treaty was still an important basis of his foreign policy. Because of it, they hinted, Eastern Europe had remained peaceful while the whole West was rent on the implications of the Spanish struggle. Moreover, Germans emphasized that Poland still felt extremely dubious over the Paris-Moscow alliance—misgivings heartily shared in Berlin.

The New York *Times*, recalling the futile efforts of the late Louis Barthou, French Foreign Minister, to lure the Poles back to the French orbit two years ago, believes that the general may succeed where the diplomat failed.

"The picture has changed," it insists. "Diplomatic exchanges have given place to exchanges of concrete plans and pledges between general staffs. . . . Acute observers of the European panorama always keep their eyes on Poland."

HARRIED CUBA: Islanders, Their "Day of Liberty" Banned, Wonder About Dictatorship

Ominous calm, like that which presages a Caribbean hurricane, hushed the few stragglers who brushed past the closed stores, banks and office buildings of Havana, Capital of Cuba, one day last week.

Its half-a-million-odd inhabitants were suddenly electrified with the report that President Miguel Mariano Gomez had refused to allow students and labor leaders to celebrate a "Day of Liberty" parade of 150,000 patriots.

Alarmed citizens, for three years harried by violence and labor riots, wondered why liberal, democratic Doctor Gomez opposed a harmless demonstration of their rejoicing to mark the three-year-old flight of iron-fisted, tyrannical ex-President Gerardo Machado from their Capital. Disgruntled

Globe

Col. Fulgencio Batista: "I am just an executive arm of the President"

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union leaders promptly dubbed the ban as "ending forever the efforts to bring peace to Cuba"; while Edward Chibas, leader of Cuba's political-minded students, protested bitterly:

"We wonder why we battled so long to oust Machado. We fought for a freedom which we did not get."

Paradoxical Chief — During the three months he has been in office, Cubans have been unable to discover whether the ominous silence of mongol-faced, squat Col. Fulgencio Batista, Chief of the Army staff, meant that Doctor Gomez had the upper hand, or was merely a puppet.

Youngest man to head his country, sixty-four-year-old Doctor Gomez was inaugurated last May on the thirty-fourth anniversary of Cuba's independence. As Havana's fighting Mayor, he bitterly opposed Machado's terrorism and was forced to seek exile in the United States. Five years later, in 1933, Havana's students and soldiers mutinied, ousted Machado and established a Revolutionary *Junta* (Board).

Doctor Gomez returned, but was kept in the background for three years while five Provisional Presidents succeeded one another at the behest of the military dictatorship headed by Colonel Batista, one-time sergeant-stenographer.

Shrewd, ruthless, his blood blending all that is Cuban-white, Negro, Indian and Oriental, Colonel Batista typifies the Latin-American *caudillo* (military chieftain) who whips up a personal and military following that sweeps the State under his control. Batista ruled supreme, scattered his agents throughout Cuba's 42,000 square miles and dictated the policy of the five Presidents he made and ousted in three years.

American Influence—Last year, however, Colonel Batista allegedly heeded United States Ambassador Jefferson Caffrey's advice and agreed to the passage of a new Constitutional law for a Presidential election. Leaders wrangled over candidates, but finally agreed on Doctor Gomez, who was elected on January 10 of this year.

Tactfully the new President sought to curtail the military dictatorship of Colonel Batista, to restore civil guaranties and to amnesty political prisoners. Most prominent of Cuban exiles to benefit by the recent amnesty was Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, one of the five Provisional Presidents during the three-year interim and head of the *Autenticos*, or Cuban Revolutionary Party.

Doctor Grau was the first choice of the Student Directorate and the rebel sergeants in 1933. As Provisional President, he decreed laws against capital, favored labor-unions and fathered a nationalist movement having for its motto, "Cuba for the Cubans." But the country was going through an economic upheaval and his régime failed to win cooperation from the American Embassy, which frowned upon its policy of antagonizing American interests and refused to recognize it. Gradually he even lost student support and resigned in favor of Carlos Hevia, who, after three days' rule, was succeeded by Col. Carlos Mendieta.

By this time Batista's power had reached its peak. The new President bowed his head before the militarists and repressed labor-unions, whose leaders were imprisoned. Promptly a law was promulgated that virtually outlawed strikes.

Terrorism and bomb explosions, however, increased, despite Colonel Batista's strong-arm squads. But Colonel Mendieta's firm policy won the good-will of American interests, an economic upswing followed, and that same year, 1934, Congress abrogated the Platt Amendment, thus surrendering Washington's right to intervene in Cuban affairs.

Unable to cope with the rampant unrest, Mendieta ordered all schools closed and decreed a state of siege by invoking martial law. Ruthlessly unions were crushed and military governors were installed in the Provinces, while Colonel Batista's control of the Army was made constitutional "for the defense of the nation." It cost Cuba 22 per cent. of her $65,250,000 budget to maintain the army effectives, which were doubled to upward of 15,000, in addition to a women's reserve of 5,000.

Recently Russell B. Porter, veteran New York *Times* reporter, interviewed President Gomez, who assured him that "the days of the dictatorship in Cuba have passed. . . . Colonel Batista and I are very friendly. . . . He is making absolutely no effort to interfere with my Government, but is helping me."

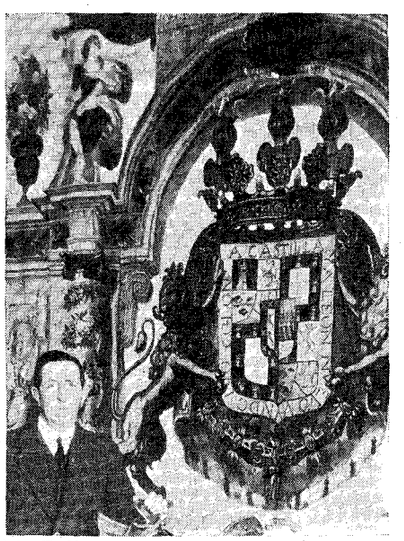
Porter, however, received a noncommittal answer from Colonel Batista, who indicated that "the Army intended to continue as a powerful factor in Cuban life" and also "as an executive arm of the new President."

Summarizing his impression, Porter found that "the present régime can not be called fully constitutional," and that "the dominant position of the Army still existed under the surface."

COLUMBIAN SOS: Cuban Fears for Heir and Relics of Great Discoverer in War-Torn Spain

Scene of one of Christopher Columbus's first landings in the new world, Cuba last week became the center from which the alarm was broadcast to discover and protect the last of the Great Discoverer's descendants from the royalty-hating Radicals of war-torn Spain.

Elderly, highly-titled Count Nicholas Maria Eusebio del Rivero y Alonso de Aguilar, sent out the call from Havana that the Governments of the Western Hemisphere rescue the Duke of Veragua, "the direct descendant of Christopher Columbus," now presumably at the mercy of Madrid's nobility-baiting Leftists.



Wide World

Duke of Veragua: hand on a saddle, above him Columbus's coat of arms (and his own)

As President of the Pan-American Columbist Society, formed three years ago to study the archives, perpetuate the cult, and encourage collection of Columbus documents, Count del Rivero also urged the American nations to safeguard the Franciscan Monastery of Santa Maria de la Rabida, a Columbus Museum in Huelva Province, Southern Spain, and to prepare for a 1942 celebration of the 450th anniversary of America's discovery.

Lost in the maelstrom of Spain's Civil War, the Duke of Veragua—whose full title is Cristobal Colón (Spanish for Christopher Columbus) y Aguilera, Duke of Veragua, Marquis of Jamaica, Admiral and Adelantado Mayor of the Indies—was last known to be a zealous breeder of Arabian thoroughbreds and sheep on a large ranch in the Province of Toledo.

No Great Traveler—This twentieth century, clean-shaven Spanish grandee is a fifty-seven-year-old bachelor who looks but forty-five. Tall, gracious-mannered, he is as impressive-looking as his legendary title. Unlike his world-famous seafaring ancestor, he is "not interested in traveling," and prefers to divide his time between his ranch and his spacious old Madrid palace.

The immaculately dressed, suave Duke inherited his title from his father, Christopher Columbus y de la Cerda, who died in 1910. He is the fifteenth holder of the title, which was granted in 1537 to Diego Columbus, son of the famous discoverer, by King Charles V. The Duke is a descendant through the female line, as the original male holder of the title died childless in 1578.

The bachelor Duke's title will go to the eldest of his two nephews, Ramón Carvajal y Colón, the Duke of La Vega.

Photographs of the uncle's horses and of famous fighting bulls he once bred for the arena clash with paintings of his various ancestors in the Madrid palace. Once he told an interviewer that during the Primo de Rivera dictatorship (1923-29) he received an offer of $357,000 from an American university for the will and testament of the first Columbus.

Transfer of Archives—"I told General Primo de Rivera," he said, "that I did not want the papers to leave Spain, and I offered to sell the documents to the Spanish Government. Primo de Rivera explained the Government was not in a position to spend that much money for such a purpose, and offered me just half, or 1,250,000 *pesetas*. I accepted, and the papers to-day are on file at the Archives of the Indies in Seville."

Affably the Duke answers inquiries that his illustrious ancestor was Italian, pointing out that the testament affirms his Genoese birth.

"Even his Spanish was Italianized," he comments. "For example, when he referred to Spain he wrote 'Spagnole' instead of 'Español,' the regular Spanish form."

Altho the Duke avoids the limelight, his famous name had involved him in embarrassing incidents. His friends tell the following story:

"One night, Antonio Maura Junior and

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Columbus, or Veragua, went on a party. At that time Antonio's father, Antonio Maura, Senior, was Premier of Spain. For some reason or other, they were taken to the police station. The desk sergeant asked Maura his name. He answered: 'Antonio Maura.' (It was as if an American had given his name to the police as 'George Washington.')

"The sergeant became furious and made it clear that he wasn't in the mood for jokes. In the midst of this outburst of anger, the Duke of Veragua slyly remarked: 'If he can raise such a row over Maura, just imagine what he'll do when I tell him I'm Christopher Columbus.' "

Endangered Treasure—But members of the Columbist Society are no less concerned for the great Columbus Museum in Southern Spain. Situated on a hill overlooking the sea and the nearby Tinto and Odiel Rivers, the Monastery of Santa Maria de la Rabida stands as a landmark in the history of the New World.

One day in 1488, Christopher Columbus arrived at the monastery with his son, Diego. Crestfallen after years of effort to get Spanish royalty to sponsor his exploration, he was footsore and hungry as he knelt at the foot of a stone cross, whose weatherbeaten supporting column still stands.

More to vent his sorrow than to obtain redress, Columbus presented his letters of recommendation from Padre Fra Antonio de Perez to Padre Fra Juan Perez, requesting protection for the disappointed man. Columbus and his son tarried eleven months at the refuge and thoroughly thrashed out his plans with the learned abbot, who finally promised to reconcile him with Queen Isabella, whose confessor the priest had once been.

Regaining hope, the navigator returned to the Royal Palace and eventually obtained the three ships which enabled him to discover a new continent.

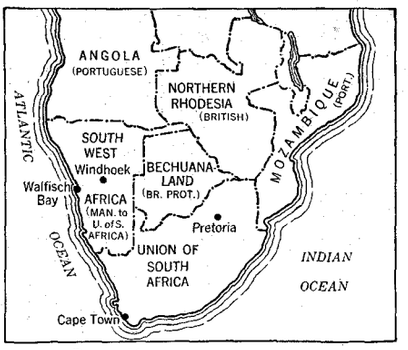
Across the bay from storied La Rabida, in the city of Palos, towers a seventy-foot statue atop its forty-four-foot base to a height of 114 feet. The gift of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, it was unveiled in 1929 to mark the spot from which Columbus sailed in 1492 to discover those continents which are now thinking of his descendants.

BOER ENIGMA: South African Politician Seems Both Pro-British and Pro-German

No "Colonial" in years aroused such cheers as South Africa's weight-lifting, wrestling (he broke a Senator's leg in the House gallery at Cape Town), boxing, air-plane piloting, violin-playing Minister of Defense, of Railways, and of Harbors and Airways, Oswald Pirow, reaching London in May.

In the midst of Britain's humiliation by Italy in the Mediterranean, Pirow (pronounced Pirov) offered to pry the Union of South Africa out of her isolation and convert it into a world military power armed to maintain white (British) supremacy in Africa, and to guard British trade-ways around the Cape of Good Hope to the East against any closing of Suez.

A thousand pilots, twelve squadrons of multiple-engined bombers, 350 planes, a real army, with artillery, antiaircraft guns, searchlights, antitank units and heavy fortifications for South Africa's harbors and their adjacent islands were envisaged in his plan. Britain was to guard the sea.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

South Africa: Germans enroll for Nazi army at Windhoek, and the British cry "Illegal!"

Stunned by this contrast with Dominion statesmen, who usually demand all the advantages of Empire but leave the cost of their defense to London, the cold blood of Britain effervesced, boiled over. Statesmen and editors hailed Pirow as "the coming man," "Strong Man of Africa" and "South African Hercules." (Political enemies at home had called him "Little Hitler.")

Rise to Legend—He was built into a legend, acclaimed the inevitable successor to aging Jan Christian Smuts (sixty-six), and James Barry Munnik Hertzog (seventy), the two former Boer Generals who governed South Africa for more than two decades without bringing much in the way of gifts to London.

Pirow then took the edge off British enthusiasm by revisiting Heidelberg, his alma mater, where, after other speeches, German eulogies were heaped upon him.

Complete collapse of his legend followed the expansive inexhaustible South African's return to Pretoria, where he said that " . . . Germany's cooperation in Africa is vital to the maintenance of white civilization on the continent."

Disillusioned and embarrassed by one of the subdued uproars of the House of Commons, stolid Stanley Baldwin, looking down his nose, murmured:

"I regret press interviews . . . on matters of delicacy, but have very little jurisdiction in this country . . . none in South Africa."

Meanwhile at Windhoek (population 4,600 whites, 12,500 blacks), Capital of British Mandate Southwest Africa, hundreds of young Germans from the interior were lining up at the door of German Consul Herr von Oelhaven for medical examination.

To questions, the Consul replied: "I am applying Germany's compulsory conscription law, once a German, always a German," and "whether naturalized foreign subjects or not, Germans in foreign countries are liable to military service."

Press Aroused — British journals printed copies of a circular letter sent by the Consul to all Southwest Africans of German blood, summoning them to his office for examination and threatening jail and a fine of 150 *reichsmarks* (about $37) for failure to obey.

This was the culmination of two years of bitterness following an open break when, in 1934, the German minority in Southwest Africa's Legislative Assembly of eighteen walked out in protest against a ban on Nazi uniforms, threats of violence, boycotts or "propaganda for membership in foreign organizations subversive to peace."

German and British South Africans boycott each other mutually now. English and German-language papers volley accusations, the German papers adding veiled threats of what will happen when the territory is restored to Germany. Britons allege that in the guise of schoolmasters, missionaries and ministers of the gospel, graduates of Propaganda Minister Goebbels' school for propagandists in Berlin are inflaming German-speaking children and young men with Nazi ideals in defiance of the law.

To head off revolt or any outside move to restore Southwest Africa to Germany, Britons there urge that the territory be admitted at once to the Union of South Africa as its fifth State.

Last week Pirow made partial amends.

"By some diplomacy, other than returning Tanganyika or Southwest Africa, means must be found to satisfy Germany's colonial aspirations," he said. "In no circumstances can South Africa or Great Britain envisage the return of either." (Tanganyika or Southwest Africa.)

Hand of Bismarck—A barren land, big as Texas and Michigan together, Southwest Africa was annexed by Bismarck suddenly in 1884, after he had given Great Britain many opportunities and hints to annex it for her own Empire. During thirty years of German rule, only 12,000 whites settled in the immense territory and the white population is still only 31,500, among a quarter of a million blacks. Seven of the thirty years embraced one of the bloodiest colonial wars in history when German forces reduced the herdsman tribe of Hereros from 80,000 to 15,000. Whites, blacks and horses in thousands died from wounds and thirst in a no-quarter struggle under blistering winds over a thorny desert, with rare

Keystone

Railway Minister Oswald Pirow: Britons dislike his talks in Berlin about South Africa

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waterholes, no lakes and no year-round streams.

On the coast, twenty-two mining companies delve for precious crystals. A whaling company at Walfisch Bay took 700 whales in one year. There is some copper mining, and in the inland uplands good grazing country.

Base of the present discord is depression, in an impoverished land, "living from empty hand to famished mouth."

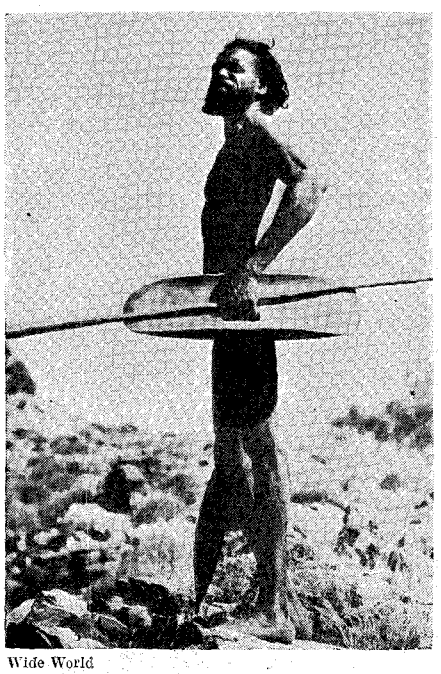
LEFTIST AUSTRALIA: Bushmen's Cooperatives Vie With New Zealand's Economic Experiments

Across a 1,300-mile stretch of the South Seas, Australians and New Zealanders vie with one another in flirting with old economic systems. Jauntily, they thumb noses at each other's social progress.

A sea-girt continent, Australia can pack twenty-eight New Zealands into its 2,974,581 square-mile territory; she can compare favorably cultural notes; she can almost match man for man her primitive chocolate-brown aborigines with New Zealand's 70,000 Maoris.

Australians may cling stanchly to the mother Empire of Britain. But they are independence-loving people, have granted their six original States large autonomy rights under a federal commonwealth. Last week, however, the Queensland Government put through a system of cooperative production to end the haphazard, nomadic life of fishing and hunting enjoyed by the wavy-haired, thick-whiskered natives. Through planning, the State expects to raise the natives' standard of living.

Preachers for Teachers—Lying on the northeastern section of the continent, Queensland alone counts 17,000 of these dark-skinned Bedouins of the Antipodes, who, for centuries, have flouted the cramping methods of civilization. Bent on their social and economic uplift, the State passed a law that places them under missionary



Wide World

Leather-like feet, steel-like legs and arms make up for this Australian bushman's lack of a high-powered rifle for his hunting

By Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

Australian aborigines like make-up on their faces and their bodies, but simplicity in dress

administration, charged with making them self-supporting.

The gospel men undertook the new mission with zeal, set about helping the natives develop their own industries, build model villages on the Weipa, Arakun and Mitchell Rivers, and sell their surplus products in home and foreign markets.

Tories raised the cry of Communism, pointing out that this social experiment would only serve to strengthen the Red-tinged Labor Opposition's battle against jovial, shock-headed Premier Joseph A. Lyons's Coalition Government.

Reaction Banned—Ignoring Tory criticism, however, Queensland's reformers set the wheel rolling to lift the natives out of the stone age status and teach them the rudiments of modern agriculture and large-scale fishing. Quickly, the easy-going, loin-clothed denizens of Torres Strait Island were transformed into a communal unit, plying their shell and trepang fishing fleets and maintaining their own stores.

Likewise the aborigines of Thursday Island were introduced to the ship-building art and taught to repair marine engines, the missionary government-appointed agents guaranteeing to market whatever craft products were not needed for communal need. The surplus profits thus obtained go to swell the community funds against a rainy day. To diversify the native's industrial life, the Mornington Island will be turned into a salt works, mostly to cure the surplus fish.

Tacitly acknowledging the native experiment as another landmark toward Australia's goal of self-sufficiency, Tasmanian-born Premier Lyons laughs off whispers that the continent's workmen are gradually being inoculated with the germ of Communism. Proudly he asserts that the country's original States enjoy more autonomy than any others in the British Empire's vast Dominions.

RUSSIA "READY": Japanese Scouts' Warning of Advance Through Mongolia Agitates Tokyo

Spurred by warnings that Soviet Russia's army of 300,000 in Siberia is "ready," Japan is this week hurriedly moving troops to plug the last hole in her mainland defenses against a possible Russian advance through the back door, via Mongolia.

For a week, Japanese scouting-planes, based on Dolon Nor, in the western edge of Jehol, have been photographing the rolling plains of Suiyuan to the west. On Friday, two Japanese regiments, lightly equipped for long marches in roadless open country, tramped into territory never before entered by Japan. They are under orders to occupy five subprefectures or districts, enough to cut all communications between Russia and China.

Despite chatter of "increased tension between Japan and China," Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Chinese dictator, received the news with magnificent calm.

General at Best—Until the Japanese troop movement was well under way he remained in his summer home, 4,000 feet up on Kuling Mountain.

Then he had himself carried five miles down the mountain by leisurely sedan-chair, boarded his newest plane and soared, not to Nanking, his capital, but 600 miles in the opposite direction, to Canton. There he hoped to deal, not with foreign invaders, but with two generals of his own race in the comparatively unimportant province of Kwangsi.

Once more, when Japan began to move, Chiang had found urgent reasons for being at the other end of China.

Tokyo, this time, is really uneasy. A returning military attaché reports that the imposing Siberian air force has sheltered its planes in underground hangars, safe from bombers; that armaments plants, built around Lake Baikal solely for the Eastern army, are in full operation, and that the psychology of the Soviet armies has changed from one of fear of Japan to contempt.

Big Army Drive—Convinced that the trial of strength will not be long postponed, Japan's army last week demanded precedence for "defense" over all other appropriations in the annual budget, and the Navy increased its demands nearly 50 per cent. over 1935.

As to "new encroachments" on the mainland, Japan's latest move is a relatively modest penetration. Suiyunan was, until recently, not a part of China but of Inner Mongolia, sparsely inhabited by nomad tribes of herdsmen. Chinese emigrants have flowed in of late years to escape the confusion in their own country and have taken much grazing land for farms, driving the Mongols out of their pastures and, incidentally, into alliance with Japan.

Japan's line of outposts through the territory will, when everything is added up, be useful to Japan, to the Mongol leader Prince Teh Wang, and to Chinese dictator Chiang Kai-shek. For an obstacle to Russian expansion is quite as much desired by Chiang as by Japan. An obstacle to further Chinese infiltration is the greatest desire of the Mongols. Only Soviet Russia is 100 per cent. the loser.

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LINDBERGH ADDS TO FAME AS SCIENTIST

Flier, Already an Archeologist, Demonstrates "Robot Heart"

© International

Charles A. Lindbergh shakes hands with Gen. Hermann Goering, German Aviation Chief, before flying off to Copenhagen to make his first appearance before a scientific body

On a table in a small room of the Danish Biological Institute in Copenhagen last week a curious, alchemical-looking pump swished and clucked, spurting a red, watery fluid through the small arteries of a cat's thyroid gland, severed from the body of its host a short time before.

The gland, a dime-sized piece of yellowish-pink tissue from the neck, lived and continue to secrete the chemical substances with which, in life, it regulated the body's rate of fuel consumption.

It was a medical miracle few but biological experimenters have ever seen. Behind the apparatus, dressed in a white surgeon's smock, stood the man responsible for it, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. He explained the mechanism to knots of fascinated scientists attending the International Congress of Experimental Cytology, while Dr. Alexis Carrel, world-famous biologist, interpreted his words in French.

Event of a Lifetime—The room was so small that only ten scientists could be admitted at a time. About 250 saw the demonstration, the second great event in Colonel Lindbergh's career: his initial appearance before a scientific body.

Quite different was the occasion nine years ago, when hysterical crowds greeted the young flier at Le Bourget Field, near Paris. On his solo flight from New York in *The Spirit of St. Louis* he had soared into international fame. He has been trying to escape from it ever since.

Even in quiet Copenhagen he had not escaped the annoyance of crowds. Outside the Institute impatient hordes waited to catch a glimpse of the aviator-scientist. Photographers stalked him until the police took a hand. Colonel Lindbergh was dodging in and out of side doors to escape reporters.

It had been so for weeks. Recently he visited Germany, took lunch with Gen. Hermann Goering, Reich Air Minister, and in a public address warned the Nazis against the dangers of aerial warfare. Crowds dogged him all the way. Two weeks ago he flew to Copenhagen with Mrs. Lindbergh to help Doctor Carrel set up the "robot heart," a glass pump that duplicates the action of the human heart and lungs, enabling experimenters to keep tissues alive indefinitely outside the body.

Public Stir—The publicity that followed almost upset the scientific meeting. Copenhagen physicians complained that their patients, expecting magic from the flier, were ordering "Lindbergh hearts" to replace their faulty human ones. It was useless to explain that the invention could serve no such purpose.

But scientists were saying, after viewing the pump, that Lindbergh's work as a scientist would probably be remembered long after his flight to Paris is only a dimly recalled event in aviation history. They were surprized that a flier could turn with such versatility from piloting a plane to mastering the intricacies of the laboratory.

Few knew that Lindbergh was interested in science as long ago as 1926, when he was still an unknown pilot in the West.

In that year he wrote to a well-known archeologist, suggesting that air-planes could probably be used to advantage in discovering new ruins of prehistoric peoples, especially in the jungles of Central America. The archeologist hadn't heard of Lindbergh—in 1926. Into the waste-basket went the letter.

But Lindbergh didn't forget. In 1928, while making a trail-blazing flight along the edge of the Caribbean for Pan American Airways, he swung inland over Yucatan. He sighted the gleaming outlines of crumbling forgotten ruins.

Back in Washington, Dr. Charles G. Abbot's telephone rang one morning. It was Colonel Lindbergh, inquiring of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution where he could learn something about Central American archeology. Doctor Abbot referred him to the Carnegie Institution, famous for its studies of the ancient Maya.

One of the flier's first questions, it is reported, was, "What is the use of archeology?"

To which Carnegie officials replied:

"Archeology seeks to study early cultures, in which man learned to lay aside his instincts and pool his knowledge for the common use."

It also reveals, they added, information of fundamental practical importance: for example, the effect of the cycles of soil erosion and climate changes on human society, and, especially in America, the methods by which ancient farmers in the West and Southwest met drought and dust-storms, and managed to live for hundreds of years on the semiarid land without destroying it.

Studies Begin—Dr. John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institution, showed the flier the Institution's enormous collection of archeological relics from the Mayan civilization and cultures of the prehistoric peoples of the Southwest. At that time there were no archeologists at work in Yucatan, but two Carnegie parties were digging in the Southwest, among ancient cliff dwellings and *pueblos*.

A few weeks later Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh flew to Pecos, New Mexico, and stopped at the field camp of Dr. Alfred V. Kidder, now head of the archeological staff of the Carnegie Institution.

Doctor Kidder was interested in the flier's idea of exploring by air-plane. At his suggestion they made several flights, taking about 100 photographs above the dry *mesas* and tortuous canyons.

Flying over Canyon de Chelly, several hundred miles west of the Pecos camp, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh discovered a number of small ruins perched high among the cliffs, quite invisible to explorers either in the Canyon or on the plateau above. Landing near-by, they made their way afoot down a precipitous trail to the camp where Earl Morris, another Carnegie archeologist, was at work.

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Morris, they climbed the cliff-side and entered the newly discovered ruins, the first white people to see them.

Jungle Days—Months later, in 1929, the flier and his wife returned to Yucatan, meeting Doctor Kidder and Oliver Ricketson, a Carnegie archeologist, at Guatemala City. Over the tree-clad, jungle-grown ancient stronghold of the vanished Mayan civilization went the cabin plane, covering in less than six minutes a distance that requires a day by burro. Beginning at Tikal and Uaxactun, well-known Mayan ruins, they flew the length of the Yucatan

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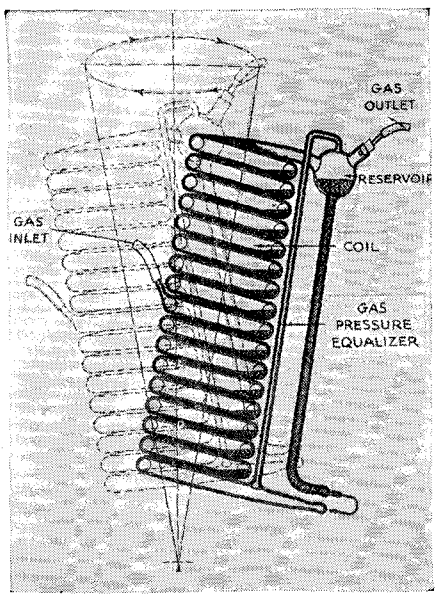


Keystone

"Lindbergh Heart" Danes called the newest model of this mechanical organ, devised by Dr. Alexis Carrel and America's flying Colonel

peninsula to Merida, returning over a parallel route.

It was the first time a plane had crossed most of that jungle. Natives ran scuttling out of their villages and hid in the tangled verdure. Colonel Lindbergh sat at the controls with maps and charts spread over his knees. Mrs. Lindbergh, with eyes keen as a hawk's, took photographs of everything that looked like a ruin. The two archeologists noted down the discoveries as fast as they could write.

Some of the ruins they discovered have not yet been visited by archeologists. To reach them may require years of trail-breaking in the steamy, vast, dangerous swamps.

Colonel Lindbergh had proved his original notion—the idea of 1926 which found its way into a waste-basket. Archeologists now use air-planes for discovery, for landing exploring parties, for freighting food and supplies, and carrying out of the jungle important relics.

New Venture—Four years passed before the public again heard of Lindbergh's scientific activities. In the meantime he had switched fields; he was a biologist.

Working with Dr. Fred C. Meier, of the United States Department of Agriculture, he invented the "sky hook," a tubular rod-like contrivance for taking samples of spores and bacteria in the air. At its outer end was a little door that could be opened automatically to expose a glass slide covered with sterile petrolatum. Tiny objects in the air stuck to the jelly-like surface, and were preserved for examination.

Colonel Lindbergh finished the "sky hook" just in time to take one on his 1933 flight to Greenland, Iceland and the North Atlantic with Mrs. Lindbergh. He exposed a number of slides, sending them back to the Department of Agriculture with sketches and carefully written notes.

Doctor Meier reported in the *Scientific Monthly* that Lindbergh had made the first successful spore and bacteria survey of the North Atlantic regions. To the great surprize of some scientists, who believed that pollen, spores and bacteria do not fly far, an astonishing number of live organisms were found on the flier's slides, especially spores, the "seeds" of plants like mushrooms, mildew and yeast.

In 1930 Colonel Lindbergh told scientists of the American Museum of Natural History he would like to continue scientific work, if only he could find privacy.

Workroom Provided—That prayer was soon answered. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York offers its workers the most complete seclusion known to American scientists.

To this day none but the principals know whether it was Dr. Alexis Carrel or Lindbergh himself who suggested the team-play in Doctor Carrel's laboratory that produced his series of biological inventions.

One of the aviator's first achievements was an apparatus to wash blood-cells and separate them from the blood-plasma at the same operation. Washed, serum-free cells are used in biological experiments. The only previous method was to separate them with an apparatus like a cream separator, and wash them afterward, a tedious, time-wasting process.

Merry-Go-Round—The Lindbergh device was simple: a conical glass vessel in which the blood is whirled so rapidly that its contents are acted on by a force 650 times that of gravity. Into this cell merry-go-round a glass tube brings the liquid used in washing the cells. A centrifugal force separates the cells from their plasma, the washing liquid bathes and swishes them into a separate container.

What interested Colonel Lindbergh most was Doctor Carrel's experiments with living tissue. The biologist had kept bits of bodiless flesh alive for long periods; one piece of chicken heart, more than twenty-four years old, is still growing and beating.

What Doctor Carrel needed was a pump that would duplicate the action of the human heart and lungs, at the same time sending "blood" pulsating at regular intervals into living tissue. Like the human circulatory system, it would have to be "closed," so no contaminating bacteria could enter the stream. It would also have to permit the escape of carbon dioxid and other wastes and add oxygen.

In the course of five years Lindbergh made five different types of pumps. An early one was operated by a rocking motion, like the twirl of a Roman candle. Oxygen was mixed with the "blood" in a spiral of glass tubing in which the gas and liquid currents ran counter to each other. In the latest design, compressed air operates the pump, driving a piston of oil.

Mysteries Tackled—A battery of Lindbergh pumps is now at work in Doctor Carrel's laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute, feeding living spleens, hearts, livers, glands and other organs of rabbits, chickens and rats. Scientists, watching the growth and operation of these organs, are learning secrets of cell growth and reproduction. They hope to solve some of the greatest biological mysteries: how diseases attack the cells and how the cells fight back; what causes cancer, why organs and bodies grow old and die.

Last week Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh sat unobtrusively in the back of the Great Hall of historic Christiansborg Castle while Doctor Carrel, speaking in French at the opening session of the Congress, declared:

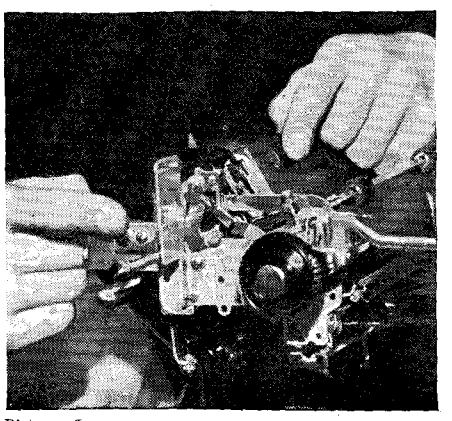
"Modern technique now realizes what old-time biologists only dared dream.

"It is now possible to study living cells where our ancestors studied only dead tissue.

"The 'robot heart' is one of the most valuable means of help, created through the ingenuity of Charles A. Lindbergh."

SCIENCE SHORTS: Inventors Toil Night and Day to Make World Easier for Man and Beast

Not content with inventing a typewriter that produces musical scores, Serge I. Toman, Russian-born Californian engaged by the Stanford Press of Leland Stanford University, announced last week that he



Pictures, Inc.

No more wavy right-hand margins with this typewriter device (at left of carriage)

was applying for a patent on a device that makes any typewriter produce even margins at the right as well as left.

It is done by setting levers on the attachment, which automatically regulate the spacing. Stanford Press plans to use it for making photographic copies of books direct from manuscript. To operate, the typist writes the page on ruled paper, decides how many additional spaces each line needs, sets the device, and retypes. Mr. Toman thinks the attachments can be manufactured in quantity for about $10. They will fit any standard machine.

* * *

Garmented in Milk: Ten quarts of milk are skimmed to make one quart of cream. What to do with the nine quarts of skim-milk is a problem that interests chemists.

Last week, Dr. B. L. Herrington, of Cornell University, reported some of the things they are doing with it. One of the biggest industrial uses of skim-milk is paper-making; the shiny surface of expensive coated kinds contains milk casein. Billiard-balls are made of it. Most of the fancy buckles and colored buttons on women's clothes are pressed, dyed casein. One company is making crystalline Vitamin G from skim-milk in the laboratory, and will soon put it on the market.

But Italian chemists have topped them all. One day recently Dino Grandi, Italian Ambassador to Britain, strode through the streets of London, his trim body covered with a suit that looked like wool, but actually was milk. Mussolini's chemists assert they can change casein into fabrics like cotton, wool or silk at lower cost than the natural fibers.

It may be, suggests Doctor Herrington, that dairy farmers of the future will have to be textile experts, too.

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YEAR OF FAMINE RECURS FOR ESKIMOS

U. S. Rushes Relief Expeditions to Gaunt Alaskan Igloo Dwellers

The sea is the chief source of food for Eskimos, and on the sea bottom, they believe, lives a goddess named *Nuliajuk*, who controls the destiny of all aquatic animals.

When the Eskimos have sinned deeply, their misdeeds trickle down into her hair, and to punish them she keeps the animals away from the land.

Famine follows. Quickly, the Eskimos propitiate their aged goddess to restore their food. The white man, with a more realistic eye to the cause of food shortages, usually breaks a path to them at the eleventh hour with provisions.

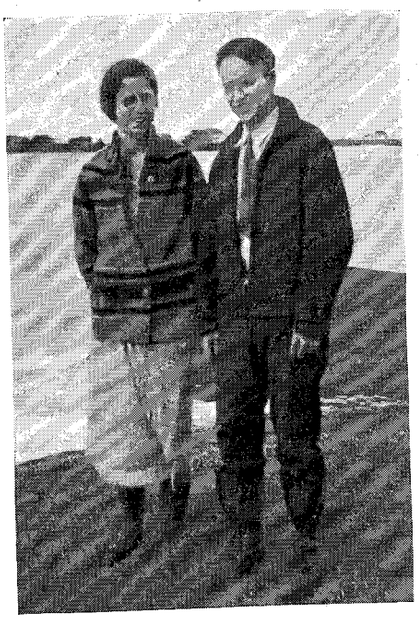
Along the arctic rim of Alaska, where 2,000 Eskimos dwell as citizens of *Uncle Sam*, famine strikes a knock-out punch every ten years. Seal, whale and walrus vanish. Reindeer are scarce and protected from slaughter by the Government.

The plump blubber-eaters fall upon their dogs, or gnaw at frozen rock weed and kelp.

Starvation in Igloos—Last winter the pangs of hunger slowly grasped at the throats of these Eskimos, who inhabit the bleak shores of a no man's land 400 miles long between Point Barrow and Demarcation Point, on the Canadian line. The natives nearly starved to death in their *igloos*. In March the Government ordered the slaughter of reindeer to aid them.

Last week word seeped out of the northland of unrelieved famine conditions bordering on tragedy. Promptly, the United States Government rushed supplies. The Coast Guard cutter *Northland* was expected to reach Barrow from Nome last week-end with emergency rations; the motor-ship *North Star* churned the seas to Nome, where it was to take on 100 tons of flour and canned goods from the steamer *Derblay* out of Seattle.

The Eskimos' plight was cabled to the Indian Affairs Bureau branch in Juneau, Capital of Alaska, by Capt. A. Pedersen, American trader, from Herschell Island, Canada. Captain Pedersen plies his little schooner once a year from August to September between Barrow, a clump of white clapboard houses, and Herschell Island, which is a few miles beyond Demarcation Point.



Frank Daugherty and his wife at Point Barrow, Alaska, directors of emergency aid for Eskimos

Living along this desolate route, alone among the 2,000 natives, are three white American traders: Tom Gordon, at Barter Island; Oliver D. Morris, at Cape Halkett, and Jack Smith, at Beechy Point.

Into the tiny harbor at Barter Island, 350 miles from Barrow, Captain Pedersen nosed his trading ship on July 30. The temperature was around freezing, and snow blew steadily down off the arctic wastes.

Ashore pitiable conditions greeted his eye. The Eskimos were practically on the verge of starvation. Fur catches had been the poorest in history last winter; there had been no fish nor seals this summer; the few remaining reindeer were reduced to skin and bones.

Gordon had only a few weeks' supplies for himself and his family, pleaded with the schooner skipper to arrange expedition of foodstuffs to tide him over the coming winter.

At Beechy Point Captain Pedersen landed enough provisions for Smith to supply all of his trappers next winter. There he learned that last winter's severity had cost the life of a trapper named Joe Arey.

Failure of ice-pack all along the route to retreat from the shore, keeping seal, whale and walrus far from reach, had robbed the already lean natives of their chief supply of food. Some reindeer were fifty miles inland, too far to be reached.

Charles W. Hawkesworth, assistant to the Director of Education in Juneau, communicated with Indian Affairs Bureau officials in Washington, and hopped aboard the *North Star* for Barrow. From there the supplies will be rushed over the frozen *tundra* by dog-teams.

Over this snow-blown region Frank Daugherty, principal school-teacher and chief Government agent at Barrow, mushed last March. The trip required six weeks, the huskies pounding out thirty miles a day. Hard times greeted him in wayside *igloos*, which were short of seal oil for their lamps and driftwood for stoves. He gave them permission to kill their reindeer, ordinarily an offense before committing which an Eskimo would rather starve to death.

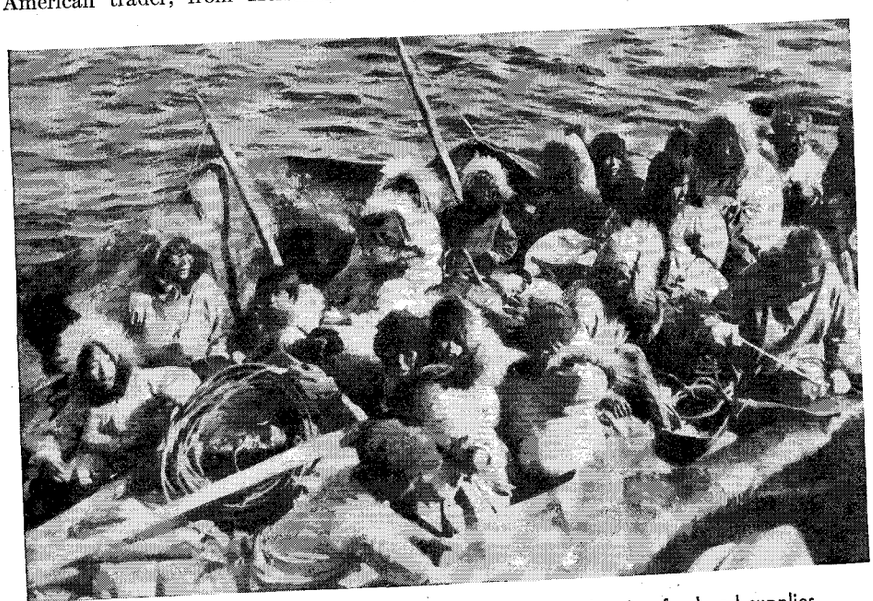
Transfers Ordered—Returning to Barrow, he immediately recommended to home officials the movement of several hundred reindeer into the area to prevent a recurrence of famines. One of eight white regular residents of Barrow, Daugherty was a school-teacher in the United States, went to the arctic five years ago with his wife.

Part of the 19,000 Eskimos in all Alaska, these arctic natives were made citizens of the United States by Congress in 1924. For parliamentary purposes they are classed as Indians, tho they are distinct from the 11,000 Indians who inhabit Alaska.

They became charges of the United States upon purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. American fur traders and whalers soon completed the demoralization of the natives which the Russians had begun. In 1890 Washington sent Bureau of Education workers from the Yukon northward to prevent further corruption. English was made the language of instruction, attendance compulsory. To-day the younger Eskimos speak both English and their native tongue.

Wide-Spread Race—The Alaskan Eskimos form part of a vast rulerless empire, stretching from Point Barrow, across Canada, and over Greenland and Siberia. They comprise only 50,000 people who speak one language requiring a vocabulary of 10,000 words. History attributes their name of Eskimo to Peter Biard, the French Jesuit missionary. In 1611 he visited this stocky, Mongol-like race and called them "Excomminquois," which means "eaters of fish."

In all Canada's population of 8,464,



Acme

Natives of Alaska rush out to meet a government cutter, bearing food and supplies

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there were no reports last week of starvation. Small relief cases existed, but these were dealt with in a systematic manner.

Their Alaskan neighbors now are expected to reap improved conditions as a result of the current famine. In July, D. E. Thomas, chief of the Alaskan Section of the Indian Affairs Bureau, made an inspection tour.

One solution of the food problem is to establish schools and government agencies along the 400-mile route. Also a hospital will be opened in Barrow by Dr. Raymond Maurer and his wife.

There is a good chance that *Nuliajuk* will not have an opportunity to keep the whales and walruses away from the Eskimo folk in the future.

GOING STRAIGHT: Experts Seek System of Selecting Convicts Worthy of Parole

Before this year is oút, 60,000 men and women will shuffle to freedom through the heavy grille gates of Big Houses from coast to coast. On the nation's main streets they will add to the 5,000,000 persons who already have served behind the gray bastions of penal institutions.

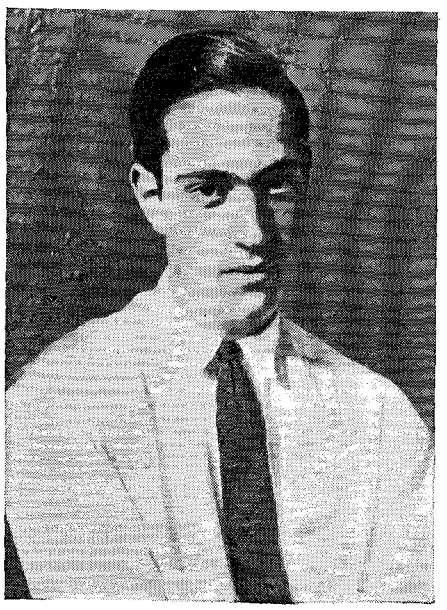
Most of them are parolees, turned loose on a gamble. Upon their word of honor—or parole—they will promise henceforth to lead a straight life.

Formula: rehabilitate the law breaker, but protect society while it is being done.

Not always succeeding, this system inadvertently lets loose many unworthy parolees. Shooting their way onto front pages of metropolitan newspapers, these recidivists promptly draw condemnation of the parole system in general.

Last week, the current issue of the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, published by Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, disclosed a sharp debate between expert penologists over the cause of these loopholes, seen chiefly in the methods of scoring, used in determining in advance the parolability of a prisoner.

Scoring systems have constituted a controversial point for many years. Protagonists now are Ray L. Huff, parole executive of the United States Department of Justice, and Nathan Leopold, who with the late Richard Loeb, slew Bobby Franks in Chicago in 1924. Bone of contention is a system which Leopold, a thirty-year-old lifer, has helped develop in Joliet, Illinois, prison, where he is employed in the office of the criminologist, Prof. Ferris F. Laune. Basis of it was a prediction table, calculated to show who of his fellow prisoners would go straight upon release.



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Nathan Leopold, prisoner, who is working on revised parole system

Statistical Method—Writing under the pen name of William F. Lanne, Leopold elucidates his new scoring system. It consists in questioning by two investigators of each of a group of 150 subjects by the "hunch" method. Among factors taken into consideration in the scoring are the convict's sentence, offense, age, nationality, plea, time served, previous criminal record, punishment record, type of personality, size of his community, associates, mental rating and work record.

More perfect means of identification must be found in compiling statistics, he believes. Weight and height should be added to the color of eyes, color of hair, and the shape of finger-nails. Height and weight, for instance, have been found to be correlated positively with success in parole. Tall and heavy men should be more likely to succeed on parole than short and light ones.

"The following four requisites must form part of any valid prediction factor," he says: "Reliability, significance of association with outcome, freedom from intercorrelation with other factors, and stability." The final score is obtained by subtracting the number of unfavorable factors from the number of favorable ones.

Huff, on the other hand, believes there should never be a parole for treason or for a crime carrying the death penalty "because such a system places the prospects of a convict above those of the community." Moreover, he does not believe that parole prediction is yet a science.

Both view-points represent an elaboration of a system which has been in process of development since 1923. In that year, at the Massachusetts Reformatory, Prof. Sam B. Warner studied the records of 300 parolees who had succeeded, 300 who had violated parole and eighty-six denied parole.

The survey embraced not only factors used by the Parole Board in its work but sixty-four others which had not been utilized. In determining the reliability of inmates' answers to questionnaires, he discovered discrepancies in a quarter of the cases. In a criticism of this work, Prof. Hornell Hart outlined the first definite structure for prediction tables now in use.

Pioneer Tabulator—First expert actually to prepare a practical prognostic table was Prof. Ernest W. Burgess, of Chicago. In 1928 he tabulated the official records of 3,000 Illinois parolees under two main headings: type of criminal and previous criminal record. Their thirty subheadings, finally cut to twenty-one, were applied as a table thereafter in that State in parole determination.

In 1930, Dr. Sheldon Glueck of Harvard Law School added to these studies by limiting factors and bolstering institutional records with an exhaustive field investigation. He concluded that institutional records can not be accepted at face value.

Later new data were provided in an inquiry by Prof. George B. Vold of the University of Minnesota.

Wide World

Ernest W. Burgess, penologist, inventor of prisoners' ratings

A substantial contribution was made by Professor Laune of Joliet in a study of parole records from 1927 to 1930. Enlisting the aid of Leopold and other convicts, Laune launched still deeper into the problem, developed a new experience table which is the basis of the current debate. Laune set out to investigate the truth of the opinion that if it were possible to obtain the honest, unprejudiced judgment of an intelligent inmate as to the probability of success on parole of his fellow convict, they would show a much higher degree of association with actual outcome than any prognostic device yet invented. Convicts, he maintains, know more about their fellow inmates than outsiders.

Huff, on the other hand made his attack in the publication's current issue by showing that while records of 5,912 Federal prisoners applied to it yielded results in agreement with Leopold's article, it failed in 3,000 other cases. Parole prediction lacked scientific status, he said, adding that "adequate data must be much more inclusive than at present."

History of System—Such an impasse has marked controversy about the parole system for 150 years in many countries. Solved in olden times by deportation, paroles first were instituted by New South Wales, Australia, in 1790.

Parole systems vary in virtually all of the United States. Few years back they existed hardly at all. Governors or wardens, often dictated to by politicians, had parole power. Some still do to-day. In 1930 New York State set up a board which instituted a model parole supervisory system.

In New Jersey, Winthrop D. Lane, parole chief, has done much to advance modern selective and control methods. Of the prognostic system, he said: "Greater certainty in predicting the future behavior of offenders is obviously desirable. The Laune-Leopold project should be encouraged. Use of the statistical method in this field is open to question, but every assistance should be given the experimenters to show whether they can strengthen society's control of crime."

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THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD SUN GOD GLEAMS

Museum Gets a Buddha Image of "Utter Peace and Rest"

Last week the Museum of Art at the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence announced that its Great Sun Buddha will soon be shown with "proper lighting and atmosphere." A room of its own as a permanent setting will be completed some time in September.

But even in its present improper setting in the Museum's hallway, the Buddha has drawn hundreds of visitors. Precise New England schoolmarms, skull-capped freshmen from Brown University at the top of Waterman Street's elm-shaded

Courtesy Canadian Pacific

The tourists' Buddha: the colossal bronze figure contemplates passing mankind on the beach at Kamakura, Japan

slope, craftsmen with thumbs calloused from labor in near-by textile mills, and forward-looking students from the School of Design itself have stood in admiration of the ancient nine-foot figure.

A Midwestern Sunday School superintendent wrote on his return home that he had devoted an entire Sabbath School lesson to the thoughts inspired by it. Several people have returned a number of times to attain again "that feeling of utter peace and rest that contemplation of the image seemed to create."

The olive-hued, decay-pitted object of their attention is Dainichi Nyorai, the Great Sun Buddha, whose creator lived and died nameless nearly a thousand years ago (947 to 957 A.D.). Either a priest, who carved as a religious duty, or one of the first of Japan's professional sculptors, the ancient craftsman was one of those who were making themselves recognized in the Fujiwara period (894 to 1185 A.D.).

Shaded Image—The Great Sun Buddha, principal image of the ritualistic and mystic Shingon sect, served for seven centuries as the object of adoration in the Ruko-onji Temple of the village of Asako, near the Inland Sea. Like the Buddha's present museum home, this shrine also was situated on a tree-shaded hill.

Some time in the 1600s, its quiet sanctuary was burned, a fate common to Japan's wooden temples. The faithful peasants of the village risked their lives to save the statue, the dwelling to which the actual presence of Lord Buddha had so often come in answer to their prayers.

Ruko-onji Temple was not rebuilt, and the statue, dismembered into the sections of which it was composed—three pieces for the body, five more for the limbs and head—was stored for 300 years amid the tumbled junk of a farmhouse attic. Lord Buddha watched his shattered dwelling until 1933, when agents of Yamanaka & Co. of New York City appeared, riveted it together again, and started it on its way to its eventual purchasers, half-way around the globe, in Rhode Island.

The Great Sun Buddha first appeared in the United States at the Art Museum of Springfield, Massachusetts, and early in 1936 was lent by the importers to the School of Design in Providence. After it had been on display only four weeks, the Providence curators were so convinced of its worth and popularity that they took money from their purchasing fund to add the piece to their permanent collection.

Voyaging Art—This relic of ancient Japanese art and religion is not without associations in its modern home. Japanese art-collecting in the West began with curio-mongering captains of New England's clipper ships, who, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, sailed out of Newport, Rhode Island, and Salem and New Bedford, Massachusetts, on 17,000-mile jaunts to the Orient.

American taste has since grown more discriminating, less interested in mere sailors' trinkets. But the embargo on Japanese art treasures, set up by the Imperial Government in 1897, and the high prices which Nippon's own collectors are willing to pay on the world market for works which have gone beyond Japanese shores, has made Western trade in Japanese antiquities prohibitive at present.

The Great Sun Buddha at Providence was fortunately not on the government listing of 1,800 pieces of sculpture designated "national treasures" and forbidden to leave the country. Listed antiquities have been so jealously preserved since 1897 that the loan of some of them to the Boston Museum for an exhibition beginning in September has set New England connoisseurs buzzing with expectation.

Meanwhile, Providence, Rhode Island, believes that she is rightfully giving a brief preview of the coming Massachusetts event.

Navigator's Feat—It was a Rhode Islander, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry of South Kingston, who reopened Occidental communication with Japan in 1854. When the sails and smoke-stacks of Perry's squadron appeared in Osaka Harbor, Japan was awakened to Western ideals.

In 1868, feudal disunion under the nobles of the Shogunate was replaced by the unifying rule of the Mikado, no longer to be a puppet Emperor. Buddhism as Japan's state religion also gave way to the more patriotic Shinto nature creed, which proclaims that the Sun is the Mikado's ancestor.

Deprived of state support, all but the principal Buddhist temples—those endowed with private lands—have fallen into decay. But the Great Sun Buddha, now in Providence, is a reminder of the philosophy and art which was taken to Japan in 522 A.D. from Korea, when the King of Pakche sent across the Sea of Japan sacred Buddhistic writings and an image of the Hindu prophet of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ, Prince Siddhartha, the Gautama Buddha.

With Buddhism thus introduced by an image, the real history of Japanese sculpture began. Previously a few rude stone figures of warriors and some baked clay figurines had represented this art in Nippon. Because there is little suitable stone

Courtesy Rhode Island School of Design

The Great Sun Buddha, from Japan, carved in wood in the tenth century, stirs popular interest in Providence, Rhode Island

in Japan, all its important figure-carving has been in wood and bronze.

Art in Sections—Previously, also, to the time of the Great Sun Buddha, wooden statues, hewn from one piece of timber, had been less than half life-size. Under the leadership of Jocho, first artist to be rewarded with a title, large sculptures of the tenth century A.D. were constructed in sections.

The Buddha Dainichi Nyorai, like the famous colossal bronze on the beach at Kamakura, exhibits definitely Japanese characteristics, unlike its Indian and Chinese precursors. Its face is fuller, its benevolent eyes narrowed, and the lines of its monk's robe more sweeping.

But in its cupped hands, placed in one of the prescribed five sacred postures, the Great Sun Buddha, like its more famous Kamakura brother (see cut), reveals the all-Eastern symbolism of a cult now reputed to have 150,000,000 adherents in Asia and 180,000 in continental United States. Its long ear-lobes, stretched nearly to the statue's broad shoulders, demonstrate the Buddha's royal origin. In the sixth and seventh centuries B.C. Hindu princes wore heavy down-dragging earrings, crusted with gems. The formalized tuft of hair depicts Gautama Buddha's

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renunciation of luxury, when he sliced off his hair and turban with a sword, and the remaining top-knot thereafter stood sacredly erect.

In the Japanese statue (see cut), contrary to southern Indian custom, Buddha is sitting on a lotus-throne, not on a kingly lion. This conception comes from the Buddhas of the region about Afghanistan. These also had Greek traits, for the conquests of Alexander the Great had spread a trace of the sun god Apollo.

In his stone-floored hall, the Great Sun Buddha peers inscrutably at a world of change. His religion disappeared from India after the twelfth century, has been dispossessed of governmental protection in Japan and China. But he may be pleased that twentieth century Rhode Island asks him, in the word of the modern Hindu poetess, Sarojini Naidu:

"What mystic rapture dost thou own,
Immutable and ultimate?
What peace, unravished of our ken,
Annihilate from the world of men?"

ROAMING MOBILES: Museum Tours Art Form Devised With Engineering Skill

In Paris, four years ago, a serious young artist was confounded, not by his own work—as many have been since—but by what to name the new art form he had devised. He was about to have the first showing of his compositions which attempted to express form dynamically in motion as opposed to static symmetry.

He sought out a friend and fellow artist, Marcel Duchamp, whose "Nude Descending a Stair" introduced modern art to America in 1913. After expressing respect and admiration the maverick of French painting circles christened the works Mobiles: bodies in motion.

Starting this week the country at large will have a chance to gape and stare, admire or scoff at a form that has gone beyond the elastic boundaries of abstract sculpture. As part of the Museum of Modern Arts traveling "Comprehensive Exhibition of Cubism and Abstract Art," Calder's Mobiles will roam for monthly visits, from San Francisco to Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Providence and Boston.

Numbered Tags—Mobiles, beyond the precise translation, refuse to fall into definition, tho sculpture is their nearest of kin. Calder has not helped to classify them and has refused to give them explanatory titles, distinguishing them only by numerical tags such as *Mobile Number Eight*, or *Mobile 1936*.

Calder has no set plan in creating his compositions. He uses almost any material. One work will look like an idealized Buck Rogers rocket-plane. The next like a stream-lined building block standing on its head.

Since then a small group in this country has had a bowing acquaintance with Mobiles and their creator, Alexander Calder.

These captured rhythms, decorative as they are complex, move in patterned motion. The three-dimensional geometric outlines—mostly triangles and concentric circles—derive their motive powers from various sources. Sometimes Calder uses a small electric motor which sets brightly colored spheres sliding up and down wired angles. For others, a pull of a string will stir the composition into action.

Engineering Skill—A Mobile designed for a garden terrace is more simply made of three separate pieces of wood. In outline it looks like a tired and relaxed Z. The two-foot square base with a convex top surface is punctured by a small, round cavity several inches off center. Into this fits an elliptical cylinder, a foot or so in height. The cylinder is topped by another weighty slab of wood, a reproduction of the base. A slight wind or a gentle tap will set the composition to swaying, much in the manner of a top at the end of a spin.

Calder himself does not know accurately how many Mobiles he has manufactured. "Somewhere between fifty and sixty," he thinks. Two New York museums own his abstraction, one in Hartford, Connecticut, owns another, and museums in France, Switzerland and Poland house three more. Fashionable apartments in New York have been decorated entirely around a Mobile.

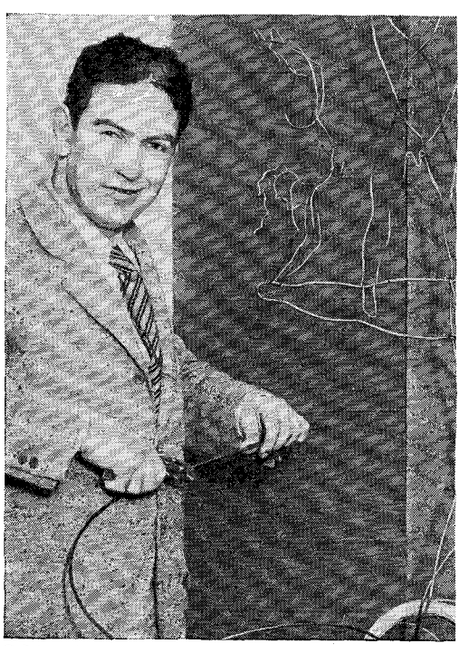
Inherited Skill—Calder, the son and grandson of famous sculptors, has strayed far from conventional footsteps in his art. The statue of General Meade in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is typical of the work of his Scotch-born grandfather, the late Alexander Milne Calder. His father, Alexander Stirling Calder, one of the leading contemporary sculptors, is represented in most of this country's important museums, has won innumerable awards, and is a member of the conservative National Academy.

Despite the wide difference in their methods of expression, Calder Senior has from the beginning been interested in his son's work. He "believes people should always do something new and fresh, if possible, even tho it is a far cry from generally accepted art," Calder explains, adding: "Besides, he's very philosophical about my work."

Intending originally to be an engineer, Calder studied at Stevens Institute of Technology, and for a short time after graduation worked in an engineering firm.

Changes Forms—After abandoning his first career, Calder went to the Art Students' League in New York. There his first interest was painting, for which he used a vivid palet and an impressionistic form. In Europe for further study, he dropped painting and took up wood sculpture, which he momentarily deserted for caricatures in wire. In Berlin in 1929 he held his first show, completely in this medium. The German Capital, the center then of the extreme abstract movement, wildly acclaimed the thirty-one-year-old artist.

Aside from Mobiles, which range downward in price from $1,000—he is notoriously generous and will give them away to the most casual admirer—Calder devotes



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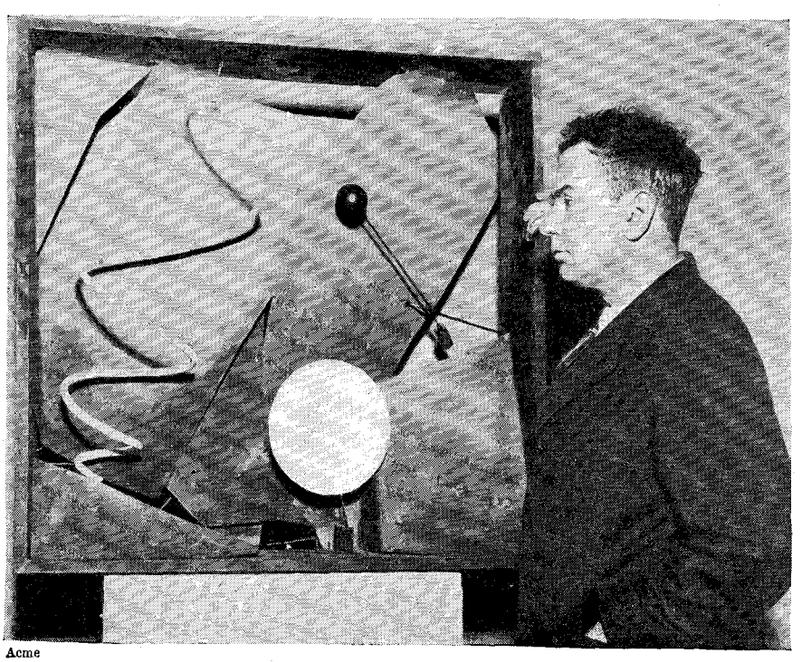

Acme

Pulleys, gears, motors and other devices give movement to this new form of abstract sculpture

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his talents to more utilitarian activities. He designed the settings for Gertrude Stein's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," and has done the *decor* for Martha Graham's dance recitals.

Last year his wire jewelry fed, clothed and sheltered him, his wife, their eleven-months-old daughter, and Feathers, a dog of undetermined origin, which he describes as a "white woof." Pins, clips, ear-rings and necklaces spell out the wearers' names or initials, in intricate scroll designs that disguise the letters.

With a piece of wire and pair of pliers, Calder can whip out almost anything. In two minutes flat he devised a floating cigarette-holder for a friend's swimming-pool. Winding two feet of wire about a gnarled length of branch, he looped it into a U a foot from the base, pinched a cigarette into the curve. Idling swimmers delightedly puffed at their cigarettes, undampened, while the antenna-like holder lazily glided over the water's surface.

NEW BOOKS: Show Boat Story, Buchan Tale, Novel of Fighting on Mohawk Included

Children of Ol' Man River. By Billy Bryant. 303 pp. (New York: Lee Furman, Inc.; $3.)

He brought "Broadway Jones" to the Ohio River and didn't pay George M. Cohan a nickel for it, either. He put on "Hamlet" and, to let his show boat audience know the time to go home, buried his whole cast in *Ophelia's* grave. He had Chicago in stitches and New York hanging onto its seats with his version of "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

But, from a theatrical point of view, his greatest achievement, perhaps, was to learn "to be a ham and admit it." Even the snooty New York critics conceded that Billy Bryant was one of the best ham actors they had ever seen.

Billy Bryant is a little tearful about it in his book; all his life he has cherished the notion that he would be Cohan's successor. The thought was a comfort to him in his shanty-boat days on the Ohio and Allegheny; it gave him the courage to go on that time they went over the old Davis Island dam and the time they got caught in the ice flow at Point Pleasant and made shore in the last split second.

Billy Bryant: the George M. Cohan of the rivers and king of the ham actors

The famous show boat actor has put in a seven years' run at Cincinnati; he knows the Big Sandy, the Kentucky, the Illinois, the Atchafalaya and the "Father of Waters," greatest show boat river of them all. His company does, too. While playing in New York, they got homesick for Natchez Bend and the croaking of the frogs at Cairo Point.

They call their boat the craft "that brings happiness to thousands." Billy is still making his cracker-box curtain speech, singing the "Green Grass Grew All Around." Betty still sings about the "Saucy Little Bird on Nellie's Hat." They still put on such elegant tear-jerkers as "From Rags to Riches," "Lena Rivers," "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "The Desperate Chance," that hardy old melodrama in which the express-train is barely saved from the foul train-wreckers.

Billy's patrons are practical-minded critics. The coal-miners at Boomer were so incensed by what they considered an insult that they unhitched the show boat and nearly let her go over the dam. Disapproval of bad shows is intimated by rocks through the pilot-house.

Here is a cross-section of American life that doesn't get into the movies or the high-falutin' novels about the proletariat.

Critical Opinions—CHARLESTON DAILY MAIL: *"'Children of Ol' Man River' will be widely read and loved by his (Billy Bryant's) many, many friends. One can not help but think, however, that the re-write men half-soled, as he terms it, his story a little too well. The familiar lingo of the river showmen is missing."*

CHARLESTON GAZETTE: *"When Billy Bryant facetiously refers to his show boat productions as 'the worst on earth,' he may find those who agree with him. But he can't say the same about his new book. . . . Humor, pathos and an unique, readable style should put the book over. Every one who reads it will likely enjoy it."*

* * *

The Man from the Norlands. By John Buchan. 292 pp. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company; $2.50.)

Only seldom does it occur that the author of a book is as interesting as his writing. But such a one, surely, is John Buchan, who, as Lord Tweedsmuir, also finds time to be Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Buchan, or his lordship, if your prefer, has lived in the manner of the Renaissance humanists who always seemed able to find a twenty-fifth hour in their day.

He began his career as a brilliant student at Glasgow and Brasenose. He was called to the bar of the Middle Temple in 1901. He became secretary to Lord Milner, then High Commissioner for South Africa. Later he returned to London, entering the publishing business.

During the World War, he was on the headquarters staff of the B. E. F., and in 1917, under Lloyd George, became Director of Information, a service at which the British excelled.

Meanwhile, he was writing adventure tales of such brilliance that they commanded wide attention and respect. Also,

Acme

As author, John Buchan writes tales of scalawaggery; as statesman, he is Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada

his popular "History of the Great War" is still perhaps the liveliest trustworthy account of Armageddon written in the King's English.

Finding that writing and publishing still left time on his hands, in 1927 Buchan stood for the Scottish Universities and was elected to Parliament.

The executive duties of his Governor-Generalship of Canada at the present are not too exacting. The demands upon His Excellency's time, however, by cornerstone solicitors and such visits as that made recently by the President of the United States, are insistent. One wonders how John Buchan contrived to steal away long enough to write this tale of scalawaggery circumvented in the best adventurous manner.

Buchan enthusiasts will rejoice to know that this is a *Richard Hannay* tale and that, before the feud has been disposed of, the action has reached from South Africa to Scotland. The author, as usual, states his case and develops it, relying upon no tricks to sustain suspense. If one is seeking a high adventure tale with a colorful background, here it is.

Critical Opinion—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: *"No superficial observer of men and affairs could have written this romance. Mr. Buchan found time to write some half-hundred books . . . while he was Mr. Buchan. . . . Now that he is Lord Tweedsmuir . . . it is pleasant to discover he hasn't put his pen in dead storage."*

* * *

Drums Along the Mohawk. By Walter D. Edmonds. 592 pp. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $2.50.)

The author of "Rome Haul" finally has become significant to the *literati*, which makes it necessary to remind our readers that Walter D. Edmonds is still one of the most accomplished of story-tellers. Distinguished also for the background they portray, his tales of the canal bullies and

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their wives, and the tillers of the soil, make good research reading in upstate New York.

The reception accorded "Drums Along the Mohawk," to put it mildly, was ecstatic. In his latest work, the tale in itself is secondary. *Gilbert Martin* and his wife, *Magdalena,* might be described as the official hero and heroine. They are the sturdy, tenacious pioneers who see things through and bend the land to their will. But, as one critic remarked, Mr. Edmonds's "real hero is the Mohawk Valley," in the day of the Tory and the Indian.

"Drums Along the Mohawk" is no historical novel dressed up in powdered wig and a court sword. Nor is it a yarn of timber-line scalping and bloodshed after the manner of Mr. Cooper. Not that it lacks excitement in its concern with the years following 1776, when Indians turned on the land-loving patriots, and Tories disputed the rolling uplands and fertile valleys.

Here are a people who sank deep roots in the soil and stood fast, holding their claims against all comers in a day when men fought hand to hand.

Critical Opinions—BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: *"Mr. Edmonds has given us as good a historical novel as has come from the presses for many a day."*

LOS ANGELES TIMES: *"Mr. Edmonds tells the story of an eight-year struggle, during which the American spirit was severely tested; a story of real hardship besides which the past few years of uncertainty seem thin and puny."*

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"This is no costume novel, no parade of heroic figures, no glorification of war. It is a quiet, realistic portrayal of what the Revolution was like to the common man trying desperately to keep his log cabin and small clearing."*

* * *

Non-Fiction

Machiavelli And His Times. By D. Erskine Muir. (E. P. Dutton and Company.) A reminder that the author of "The Prince" is still regarded highly by students of the dictatorship and that in his great treatise he laid the foundations and precepts for all absolutisms.

Bali and Angkor: Or, Looking at Life and Death. By Gregory Gorer. (Little, Brown and Company.) An appraisal of two civilizations and two arts, all in favor of the living and not much in favor of the vanished Khmers.

Walks and Talks Abroad. By Sir Arnold Wilson. (Oxford University Press.) A perambulant account of divers matters on the Continent which may or may not be the background of a first-class war.

* * *

Fiction

Greengates. By R. C. Sherriff. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) Having written one of the best war plays, "Journey's End," Mr. Sherriff has decided to call it a dismal life and now shows how a man and his wife might find happiness when all is said and done.

Sing, Sister, Sing. By Vicki Baum. (Doubleday, Doran and Company.) In which the author of "Grand Hotel" goes, as one critic has put it, frankly "Elinor Glyn." She relates the "let's pretend" adventures of a lovely German immigrant with a gorgeous voice and a quite pathetic yen for this thing called contentment.

Current Poetry

SEPTEMBER RIDERS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I remember evening sunlight in a spacious still old town,
And a wide porch where the smoky wind blew red leaves down,

On a tall girl who waited there with full skirts blowing
And black curls and a broad hat with a white plume flowing;

And down the white elm-bordered street a gentleman came riding
And led beside his black horse a brown saddled horse was siding:

I saw her flashing hand wave and I heard his gallant laughter,
I saw her mount and saw them ride, and nothing after

Except the wind that blew his cloak and tossed her level feather
Where young and bright and stately they rode away together

Down along the bough-arched street, till just before its bending
They vanished in a scarlet forest small at the town's ending.

Bright they ride still through my mind, eternally returning
When red leaves drop slowly and a sweet wind smells of burning;

They ride in me forever. But I cannot well remember
Where it was or who they were, or when was that September. —*Classmate.*

TO A PIGEON ON A CITY STREET

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

These were not meant for you—these streets that run
Like metal streams, barren on either side,
Fringed by no leaves that glitter in the sun,
Untouched by intimate moss that strokes the tide
To momentary whirls of peacefulness.
You who have lived in guttered trees of stone
Never have known green hills, nor can you guess
What lies beyond the traffic's swirl and groan.

Hardened by circumstance, you bravely go
Beneath the perilous wheels to seek a crust
Cast down by chance. Seeing your plight, I know
How God must feel when men forsake the trust
He left in field and wood,—how He must pity
The living dead who ply the sterile city.
—*The Woman's World.*

FETTERS

BY KATHERINE EDELMAN

Love will tear down
Before long
Bolt or bar
However strong;
Yet gladly stay,
Nor care to run
From strands of silver
Lightly spun. —*Spirit.*

EARTHQUAKE

BY GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

I never understood how man could dare
To watch a city shaken to the ground,
To feel the tremors, hear the tragic sound
Of houses twisting, crashing everywhere,
And not be conquered by a sick despair.
Although his buildings crumble to a mound
Of worthless ruins, man has always found
The urge to build a stronger city there.

Within my soul I made my towers high.
They lie in ruins, yet I have begun
To build again, now planning to restore
What life has shaken to the earth; and I,
In faith, shall build my towers toward the sun—
A stronger city than was there before.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

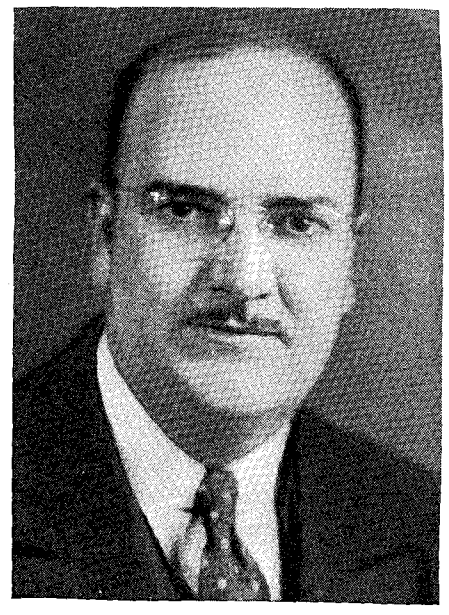
STENOGRAPHER'S LAMENT

BY FREEDOM LANDA

My window is wide open as I look out on the town,
And the sun beats on the roof tops and the tracks;
And the trains roll by so quickly, and the people cluster thickly.
And the shoppers run from Macy's into Saks.

And my window is wide open as I look out on the town,
And the mothers shush their offspring with a sock;
And the typists chew their gum so, and the bosses always hum so
And the liners whistle so at every dock.

Ah, my window is wide open as I look out on New York
And the sign-boards scream their wares both loud and dim,
And the chorus walks by coldly, while the men eye them so boldly.
And I'm working late at some damn boss's whim! —*The Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.*



ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS, dentist by profession, writes poetry for relaxation. His work has appeared in numerous publications and he is the author of one book of poems. He lives in Atlanta, Georgia

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MAD ANTICS IN A MELODIOUS NEW FILM

"Sing, Baby, Sing" Scores With Little Plot or Characterization

Motion-picture musical comedies, as a result of overproduction, have become about as novel as a pound of butter.

Shattering the vague ennui which most of them arouse, is "Sing, Baby, Sing," a fleet lunacy set to music and frivolity. It begins at high tempo, winds up like a siren to a shrill climax, and not in any foot of its length does it lag perceptibly.

An obvious success from the 20th Century-Fox studios, the film not only employs stock Hollywood players in no characterizations, but presents to the screen a maniacal trio called the Ritz Brothers. If they accomplish nothing else, these superb loons will force the celebrated Marx Brothers to sharpen their wits and routines.

There is no great complexity of plot, most of the major situations being contrived by scenarists Milton Sperling, Jack Yellen and Harry Tugend to give the musical outbursts not only a fair chance but a sensible reason.

Radio Idiocy—Alice Faye, not skilfully cast up to now, gives the best performance of her cinema career as a jobless night-club singer who, by a series of fantastic and amiable idiocies, becomes a radio star. She is permitted every opportunity to sing and be amusing and fulfills both tasks well.

The surprize of the film is Adolphe Menjou, who long ago added sly comedy to his knapsack of tricks. Slyness melts away in "Sing, Baby, Sing," and he is seen as a complete Shakespearean ham actor, pompous, ridiculous and exceedingly funny. Matching his performance is that of Gregory Ratoff as a loud-mouthed artists' agent who yells his clients into success.

In the end, it will be the Ritz Brothers with, in particular, their *Jekyll-Hyde* travesty, who steal the picture. Future audiences should arrange to get in at the beginning and work steadily up to the insanities and melodies which close the film in a scene representing a broadcasting studio.

Early Comment—Preview comment in California was unstintedly high:

Hollywood Reporter: "Here's a grand box-office bundle of buffoonery with music that rates away up top for speed and laughter. It will keep . . . audiences in hilarious moods."

The chorus of "Sing, Baby, Sing," a satiric movie which parodies the antics of musical comedy

TEARFUL CRISES: Mary Boland Utilizes Other Than Comic Talents in "A Son Comes Home"

Tears and pathos abound in Paramount's "A Son Comes Home," a motion-picture apparently designed to give Mary Boland a chance to be something besides funny.

In it, she is the aging owner of a waterfront café in San Francisco. Her son ran away when a boy and her whole affection has been lavished on a girl, a waif, whom she has brought up.

The picture moves quickly into steady melodrama with the son involved in a gasoline station hold-up and murder. The actual son escapes, his companion is arrested and charged with the crime. She fraudulently identifies him as her son and determines to help him at the trial. Meanwhile she continues the search for her boy.

In the end she finds him, recognizes him at once. She pleads with him to surrender and thus save the other boy. He turns on her in a vicious tirade and is shot down by police as he again tries to escape.

Miss Boland is brilliant as the mother

A soft moment in a drama with a punch: Julie Haydon, the adopted waif, and Donald Woods, the wayward son

and Julie Haydon begins to approximate the acting talent forecast for her two years ago when she made her début. Donald Woods and Anthony Nace make the rôles of the two boys steadily effective.

Hollywood Verdict—In Hollywood, the film received warm praise:

Daily Variety: "It has speed, punch, drama, love interest, and with it all a wholesomeness that has long been cried for."

GLORIFYING AVIATION: "China Clipper" Brings Out Romance in Conquest of Pacific

No mirrors were used to perform the cinema trick that is "China Clipper," a Warner Bros. film saluting the epic conquest of Pan-American and Pacific waters. Newsreel clips and hearty miniature shots, plus a healthy respect for the clipper planes, went together to accomplish the picture.

Up to now Hollywood's genuflections before the modern giants of transport have been fumbling and anemic. There was a film celebrating the sleek grandeur of the stream-lined trains. There was another doffing a meek hat to large ocean-liners. Both were fairly miserable motion-pictures.

The Warner manufacturers, accustomed to fly-fishing screen stories out of present-day events and facts, do better with an obeisance to the *China Clipper*, than did their breathless rivals.

To be sure, the twenty-ton silver craft accomplish, in the film, a little more than actually has been tucked under their lovely wings, but license in Hollywood scarcely comes under the head of new thought.

Poetic License—For example: "China Clipper" gives its audiences the idea that the transpacific line has been pushed through to Macao. It hasn't. It ends in Manila. It also is used as a passenger-carrying device. No private passenger as yet has been flown from Alameda, even to Manila.

Where the Warner scenarists excel is in the department of infusing romance into perfectly workaday industrial conditions.

Avid followers of air-plane pictures will recognize the romantic trick in "China

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Clipper." If one were to believe it, the conviction would be that air pilots are remarkably dumb young men going about devoting their lives to misunderstanding and being misunderstood. Customarily, several planes must be dashed to destruction and men killed before pilot and girl reach full understanding. It seems hardly worth it.

For all that the romance is not a precisely new plot and that the great flying boats are made to do things they have not yet been able to do, "China Clipper" is a forthright, interesting, often pictorially lovely motion-picture on an exciting modern theme.

Best miniature shot in six months: the *China Clipper* fighting high wind and fog over the Pacific.

Reviewers Disagree—Critics were unable to agree on the merits of the picture:

Leo Mishkin, New York *Morning Telegraph:* "To my way of thinking, the *China Clipper* and Miss Marie Wilson were by far the most interesting features in the whole film."

Eileen Creelman, New York *Sun*: " 'China Clipper,' especially for aviation enthusiasts, is entertainment in spite of all that."

Hollywood *Daily Variety*: "It is a picture smartly fashioned to stir native pride as well as to provide excellent entertainment."

Pat O'Brien sturdily heads a cast devoted to the work of proving that in the advancement of the flying clippers American aviation has stunned the rest of the world. Men and ships and hearts were lost in this zealous achievement, but the *Clipper* went through. It's a sort of mail-coach idea done with wings and propellers.

MUSIC UNDER STARS: Boston Orchestra Joins Those Giving Summer Outdoor Concerts

Three years ago summer colonists in the Berkshires listened to the bustling, importunate Gertrude Robinson Smith. She wanted music in the Berkshires—good music—and she gave good reasons why the rolling hills should give hospice to her plans.

The colonists agreed; for two summers the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played for the concerts. Last week Dr. Serge Koussevitsky pointed his baton at the stars and conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its first performance out-of-doors in fifty-six years.

Squatted on hard, wood benches strung aisle-wise under a circus tent, almost 4,000 persons listened. The ninety-six musicians sent the music of Beethoven and Bach rolling across the Massachusetts hills.

Summer music festivals were new to Doctor Koussevitsky. He had fortified himself against half a hundred fears by stationing a *masseur* in a tiny room under the platform. To that room he hustled when the first half of the Thursday night concert ended. In it, he stripped, relaxed on a folding table, had himself pummeled and rubbed. Then he leaped up, donned fresh clothing and returned to the podium.

Pleased Leader— When the concert ended, applause crackled and rolled. He grinned. He indicated to sponsors that he was gratified, might even consider allowing the Boston Symphony Orchestra to undertake the entire festival next summer.

The natural amphitheater in which the

Symphony in Sharp Steel

By George Gershwin

Composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," "Of Thee I Sing" and many others

THERE IS INSPIRATION for the composer in every facet of American life today. To sense the color and rhythm of a great modern factory I visited the Gillette Company's plant in Boston recently.

It was a thrilling experience. As I was taken through one department after another, the machines, each a triumph of ingenuity and skill, reminded me of the flawless instruments of a great symphonic orchestra, all working in unison to give a finished performance. Behind each of these machines stood a skilled technician who guided his instrument in this symphony of steel, without a discordant note. No imperfection is tolerated here.

And for whom is this remarkable performance given? For a greater audience than any symphonic conductor has ever gathered in concert hall—millions of Gillette Blade users the world over!

In my own profession I know that since hirsute adornment ceased to be the trademark of the musician, increasing numbers have turned to the Gillette Blade for comfort and speed in shaving. But it took a visit to this great factory for me to realize the care and thought that go into making that keener, smoother blade—the real reason for its incomparable service. They are—these blades—the product of the Gillette Symphony in steel . . . a symphony in shaving comfort.

When men like George Gershwin, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, Floyd Gibbons, Frank Buck and others sing the praises of the Gillette Blade, isn't it worth a trial? If you have never shaved with this blade, you'll be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles . . . how gently it skims over the tender spots without pull or irritation.

This is because Gillette Blades are especially processed for shaving tender faces. Ground, honed and stropped in one continuous operation, the resulting shaving edges are so keen that 60,000 of them would fit on the surface of one thin dime! Think of this for sharpness! And think what it means in shaving comfort! Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one in your razor tomorrow morning and see why millions of men will use no other blade.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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concerts took place, ending Sunday night, is on the estate of Mrs. Margaret Emerson, between Lenox and Stockbridge.

No vocalists were present to sandwich themselves between waves of music. Side shows to the main event were Ted Shawn and his men dancers frisking and leaping against a background of majestic pines, Hollywood cinema actress Josephine Hutchinson returning to the stage for performances in "The Shining Hour" at the Berkshire Playhouse.

Offered music lovers were Brahms, Debussy, Wagner, Tschaikovsky, Sibelius, Bach and Beethoven.

Inconsolable: a youth who drove frantically 700 miles to hear the Sibelius music, missed the concert by twenty-two minutes.

QUINTUPLING ASSETS:

Another Quarter-Million Enriches the Glamourous Dionnes

Three almost undecipherable signatures were scratched across the back of a check in Toronto last May 11. A banking officer flicked out his tongue, moistened two three-cent excise tax stamps, plumped them on the check and firmed them down with the heel of his hand. They stuck; he muttered, "Bon!"

At that second Marie, Annette, Cecile, Yvonne and Emilie Dionne became $250,000 richer than they had been.

The check was 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation's down payment on a three-picture contract with the glamour girls of Callender. Still to come are $50,000 in a second check, plus shares in profits of pictures made by the mites.

Before the last American motion-picture dollar nestles into their account in the Province of Ontario Savings Office, they will have earned more than $500,000 for a few hours' easy work in their spare time at home.

This week they went to work. In Callender gathered the cast, technical staff and assistants detailed to film "Reunion," second feature motion-picture starring the growing babies, first under their new $500,000 deal.

Another Plot—No Hollywood scenarist knit his brows or roweled his brain to achieve the sequel to "The Country Doctor." In his office in Philadelphia, Bruce Gould, Editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*, invented the plot that would make it easy for five delighted youngsters once more to play with Jean Hersholt, Hollywood actor.

Darryl Zanuck, shrewd, trap-quick production executive at 20th Century-Fox, took one look at the story, reached for a telephone and a bookkeeper.

He told Gould he wanted the story, instructed the bookkeeper to make out the check.

Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman were paid next.

Dollars went to them for the work of breaking the story down into acceptable picture form.

This is the story he approved:

"Reunion" is the tale of the difficulties in which a country doctor finds himself when the local Chamber of Commerce gives him a surprize banquet to which have been invited the 3,000 children he has delivered in his career.

The Dionne quintuplets will play a leading part in the ensuing tangle which the good doctor is called upon to unsnarl.

Carefully guarded secret is the nature of the "tangle." The studio wants to hold it for a surprize.

At Callender, already turning chill at night but warmer by degrees than it was last December when the five little girls made "The Country Doctor," their first feature film, is Director Norman Taurog, famed in Hollywood for his patient, persuasive work with acting children. Under his thrall have been Baby LeRoy and, when much younger, the bubbling mischief-maker, Jackie Cooper.

Other Veterans—With Taurog is Hersholt, back again to play the counterpart of Dr. A. R. Dafoe, the children's physician. Also a veteran with the quintuplets now is Dorothy Peterson, again playing the nurse. Slim Summerville, who was a hilarious country sheriff in the first picture, takes up the tin star again for "Reunion."

Changed, too, are the quintuplets. Since last December teeth have popped up in their mouths, words come tumbling and torrenting from them. Last December they flung hair-brushes and shoes at Director Henry King. This week, better trained, they may fling kisses at Director Taurog.

Hygienic measures will be as strict as they were last winter: gauze over the actors' faces when not actually being filmed, quarts of throat-spray coating their mouths, gullets and noses with antiseptic solution.

© 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

Five little sisters discover a still camera that has taken almost 2,000 pictures of them, and wonder how they'll look in their next feature movie, "Reunion"

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HOW DICTATORS ENFORCE NEWS CURBS

Germany, Russia and Italy Maintain Peace-Time Censorships

"Your heart sinks as the censor slashes his red pencil through your message," cabled Hearst's veteran war correspondent, Karl H. von Wiegand, from Madrid last week. "And when he has finished deleting it, and you rush to the telephone to dictate your story to Paris or London, he listens in through an extra set of head-phones. If you read a single word his red pencil has crossed out, the connection is immediately cut."

Beleaguered in Spain's sun-scorched Capital, Karl von Wiegand had tried frantically to reach the outer world with uncolored accounts of events in the seething Loyalist headquarters. With fleeing refugees as couriers, his dispatches were stuffed in coat-pockets and smuggled out of the country on foot, in trains and by air-plane.

Jaws Snap—Meanwhile, in Greece, the threat of a sudden general strike caused iron-handed Gen. John Metaxas to proclaim martial law. Simultaneously, the jagged steel jaws of the censorship trap swiftly snapped down on the Greek press.

Wherever the flames of social unrest, revolution of war burst forth, the forces in power pounce down with lightning-like speed on the nation's newspapers. A *putsch* in Austria, a revolt in the Balkans, an assassination in Moscow, a blood purge in Berlin, find editors and reporters dangling helplessly in the intricate meshes of the censorship net.

On a day in June, 1914, American journalists were lazily dawdling on the lounges of Viennese cafés, slowly sipping their black coffee. The thunderbolt of Archduke Franz Ferdinand's assassination in Serajevo sent them scurrying to telephones and telegraph stations.

Dreaded Pencil—But the drawbridge of censorship already had been lifted. Telephone lines were cut, and the dreaded red pencil of the censor began to scratch.

From then on, control of the press became a fine art. The World War witnessed its development into a sharp and cruel instrument of power.

Then Lenin, in 1917, concocted permanent peace-time censorship. A new system of press control was born. With unprecedented brutality, prerevolutionary editors were lashed out of their offices, sent to Siberia. The entire *bourgeois* press was wiped out with a single stroke.

In its place rose the party press, operated by party members whose one and only superior was the Government. Newspapers in Soviet Russia became Government bulletins.

Similarly, news agencies handling foreign news were squeezed into the steel jacket of regimentation, and consolidated into one government agency, the *Tass*. Through its vast wire net now filters the news of the world. Argus-eyed press agents sift and earmark every news item.

After being translated into forty languages, the revamped dispatches are handed out to the country's more than 3,000 newspapers.

But Mussolini showed the world that Russia was a novice in the field of press control. On the evening of October 22, 1922, following his spectacular march to Rome, Mussolini turned the press over to his Fascist guards.

They swarmed into newspaper offices, clubbed out editors, reporters, linotype-operators and even copy-boys. "Reliable" party members and their friends replaced them. But the names of the newspapers remained in their original type.

Thus famous old liberal organs like the *Corriere della Sera* and *Il Stampa* overnight became shrieking acclaimers of Fascism. On January 1, 1925, Italy became single-minded when a drastic censorship law finally stamped out the last remaining vestiges of any other opinion but that of *Il Duce*.

The only publication left in Italy which can thumb its nose at the censor is the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano*. If it prints anything *Il Duce* doesn't like, its circulation is confined to Vatican City.

Censor's Creed—Mussolini invented the Daily Don't's for newspaper men. On the morning of January 2, 1936, Italian editors found on their desks a new list of

SORE GUMS?

DON'T blame *hard bristles* if brushing makes your gums tender and painful.

Dentists by the thousands now say that the sharp, jagged ends of ordinary bristles are the cause. You can see the scientific evidence upon which this judgment is based, in the photo-micrographs at the left.

Note the amazing difference between the Round-End bristles—exclusive in Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes—and the split, scratchy bristles in all other tooth brushes. This astounding difference is the result of a remarkable new invention,

A device and method so delicate and painstaking that all the burrs and spurs on a thing as tiny as a single bristle are removed.

The end of every bristle in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is thus processed. Hence it *must be gentler* to the gums and sensitive mouth tissues.

If you now use a small brush, ask at your regular drug counter for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Small Type for Adults*. If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult*. Either is 50¢.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

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directives succinctly hedging in all further news:

"Don't speak of the Ethiopian Army's movements.

"Cease mentioning the oil embargo.

"Never make predictions.

"Don't print photographs depicting inopportune intimacy between our soldiers and African natives.

"Speak of Ethiopians in terms of benevolence, never in terms of cordiality or equality. . . ."

The ordinance was filed with many other restrictives that have poured in ever since Fascism began to crack the whip over the perspiring heads of Italian editors.

In Munich, three years ago, Adolf Hitler, as Editor of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, sat enviously watching all that was happening in Moscow and Rome. And when, on January 29, 1933, President von Hindenberg placed the governmental reins in his fist, Chancellor Hitler demonstrated to the world that both the Russians and the Italians were mere neophytes in shackling a nation's press. Combining all the achievements of Soviet and Fascist censorship with the natural ingenuity and efficiency of the German, Hitler's hawk-faced Propaganda Minister, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, built up a machine of press control such as the world never before had seen.

Clicking Heels—Doctor Goebbels in April, 1933, with a sardonic grin, said: "The press must henceforth be a piano upon which the Government can play at leisure." Germany's 100 per cent. Aryan editors clicked their heels, received the honor title of *Schriftleiter*, and thereafter became the willing "hammers" of a "piano."

On its ivory keys, dictatorship began to thump out its brazen chords of the mailed fist. As in Italy, the names of the leading newspapers were retained.

Jewish participation in the "molding of public opinion" was relentlessly stamped out. Ullstein and Rudolf Mosse—world-famous publishing houses—were bought up and passed into Aryan ownership. Franz Eher, who sacrificed his war pension in 1925 to save Editor Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* from insolvency, became New Germany's mightiest millionaire publisher as a result.

Germany, when Press Czar Goebbels began caressing the keys of his perfectly functioning machine, had more individual newspapers than any other country in the world. Twelve months later, in 1934, a total of 600 had fallen in the path of the Nazi scythe. Gradually imitating the Soviet system, new party organs owned by Franz Eher sprung up to fill the gap.

Every morning at 11 o'clock, Berlin's *Schriftleiter* now file into the Propaganda Ministry to take their orders for the day. Wo to the editor who takes such orders lightly or who does not keep them secret. Last week Herr Schwertfeger, editorial staff member of the once Conservative Berlin *Boersen Zeitung*, was sent to the penitentiary for life. He carelessly divulged such orders to foreign correspondents.

Strangely, Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany all have constitutions providing for freedom of the press. Freedom, in this case, however, means, that the editor is free to "yes" everything the Party and the Government do. Safety and well-being of the forces in power are peremptory. Whoever violates this principle is a traitor.

In such one-sided worlds, it is therefore no wonder that foreign correspondents find themselves in a bewildering predicament. To disperse their mistrust, every conceivable method of influencing them has been devised by the press dictators in Moscow, Rome and Berlin. As "molders of public opinion abroad," they are flattered and fêted at elaborate dinners, dances and parties.

Keystone

David Darrah: Mussolini "asked" him out of Italy for a Chicago Tribune dispatch

Keystone

Propaganda Minister Goebbels sees the press as an instrument of Naziism

Last year, a dozen Yugoslavian journalists were invited to Berlin by Doctor Goebbels. They were whirled around in Germany's luxurious air-plane *Feldmarschall Hindenberg*, to see the high spots of the Third Reich. At every landing-field, a spacious dinner and free liquor awaited them.

Sly Doctor Goebbels was amply rewarded. During many weeks afterward, glowing accounts of the Third Reich's achievements filled the columns of Yugoslavian newspapers.

Every line of the foreign correspondent's cables is meticulously scrutinized by sharp-eyed press officials. If anything is found in the several hundred publications that are combed every morning, to indicate that the correspondent is "unfair" and "misusing the hospitality" of the country he is assigned to, his name lands on the black-list. This is equivalent to slow death by ostracism. Thereafter, his competitors are showered with newsbeats until the correspondent is withdrawn.

Acme

Karl H. von Wiegand dared the Madrid censors and lost and won for Hearst readers

If his offense necessitates immediate expulsion, he is curtly given twenty-four to forty-eight hours to get out. A long list of expulsions of foreign correspondents from Moscow, Rome and Berlin bears witness to the ruthless intolerance of distasteful opinions.

David Darrah was expelled from Italy at Mussolini's order on June 13, 1935. He had been Italian correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* for the previous ten years.

The occasion was the printing in *The Tribune* of a dispatch by Darrah on the shakiness of Italian finance. None of the material in the article was treated with bias; almost all of it could have been obtained from files at *The Tribune's* home office. The expulsion order came as a complete surprize to Darrah.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer "wrote unfavorable, unfair articles" about Germany. He was transferred from Berlin to Paris in 1933 after the German Foreign Office had requested the State Department to bring pressure to bear on the Chicago *Daily News* by declaring the Foreign Office could no longer "guarantee his personal safety."

Woman's Experience—Dorothy Thompson, who interviewed Hitler in 1932, wrote "I Saw Hitler." In it, she predicted he would never become German Chancellor and compared his mustache to that of Charlie Chaplin. Two years ago, she returned to Germany, only to get twenty-four hours to go out again.

Press regimentation, as practised in Germany, Italy and Russia, already has found many imitators. To-day, the only nations in Europe whose presses are not kept in the strait-jacket of censorship are Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, The Netherlands and Switzerland.

Latest recruit to censorship is Japan. A few weeks ago, the *Official Gazette* inconspicuously announced the creation of a news agency, the Domei Tsushin Sha, whose business is to "circulate correct information as the raw material for the formation of sound public opinion."

Shohei Fujinuma, Chief Secretary of the Cabinet, is the Japanese Doctor Goebbels.

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BUSINESS PREPARES TO TELL ITS STORY

Manufacturers' Campaign for "American Way of Living"

"My friends, I still believe in ideals. I am not for a return to that definition of liberty under which for many years a free people were being gradually regimented into the service of the privileged few."—Franklin D. Roosevelt in a nation-wide radio broadcast, September 30, 1934.

"The best that the captains of the country could do for you before the depression was not good enough then and it is not good enough to-day."—Franklin D. Roosevelt in an address to the Young Democratic Club of Maryland, April 13, 1936.

"It was natural and perhaps human that the privileged princes of these new economic dynasties, thirsting for power,

Walter B. Weisenburger thinks it is time for business to speak up

reached out for control over the Government itself. They created a new despotism and wrapped it in the robes of legal sanction."—Franklin D. Roosevelt in his acceptance speech, June 27, 1936.

Against periodic tongue-lashings of this sort from the White House and elsewhere, American business last week was organizing a spirited defense. Copy-writers in the offices of Lord & Thomas, New York advertising agents, sweated over a simply-worded message that would tell butchers, grocers, steel workers and country doctors all over the country what the "American plan of living" has done for them.

The Conservative Side—Divided into five full-page newspaper advertisements, the copy will present industry's side of the economic picture under the headings: "What Is Your America All About?" "Machines and Unemployment," "Taxation," "American Standards of Living," and "America's To-morrow."

Chafing under bitter criticism from politicians and economic theorists, leaders of industry have fought back angrily, on occasion, as when Edward F. Hutton, of the General Foods Company, cried: "If the Government succeeds in carrying out the plans so carefully drafted by the radical socialists, all industry must suffer sooner or later. . . . So I say, let's gang up!"

With the exception of such outbursts from individuals, and a few indignant snorts from the United States Chamber of Commerce, American business has been meek and inarticulate in the face of attack.

Two months ago the National Association of Manufacturers decided it was time for industry to launch an intensive campaign that would carry its story to the American people along with onslaughts from New Deal orators, Townsendites, Coughlinites, Socialists and Communists.

Man Behind the Scheme—The plan of defense chosen by the manufacturers was conceived originally by Walter B. Weisenburger and James P. Selvage, Executive Vice-President and Public Relations Director, respectively, of the Association. Once a reporter on the Duluth *News Tribune* and later publisher of the Hannibal (Mo.) *Post*, Weisenburger works fourteen hours a day at his office when he isn't scurrying about the country spreading good-will among the members of the Association. For relaxation he fishes occasionally. One of the founders of the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company, his love of music is second only to his love of his work for the manufacturers.

Selvage, who started working for the Association three years ago, is also a one-time newspaper man. From 1927 to 1933 he headed the Washington bureau of the Associated Press.

Reduced to its simplest terms, their idea was to tell Americans what the "American plan of living" has done for them in the last 150 years as contrasted with the accomplishments of other economic and political systems. Having sold their idea to the manufacturers, they put a research staff to work amassing facts and figures. Then they called in Edgar Kobak, Vice-President of Lord & Thomas, who had been working on the idea with them, and gave him responsibility for the mechanical details.

First Salvo—On August 30, the first advertisement will appear in several hundred American and foreign newspapers. By urging local business houses throughout the country to buy newspaper space for its five-ad series, the agency hopes to get industry's story into 5,200 weeklies, 1,900 dailies (out of a possible 2,078), and 200 foreign papers, by the last of October, when the campaign closes.

The essence of Advertisement No. 1, which has already had a trial run in Chicago papers, is that the United States has been nurtured on competition, that there is an American plan which has brought far more comforts to the American working man than to the average working man "anywhere," that every citizen is a stockholder in "The United States, Inc."

"Your American Plan of Living has produced three times as much wealth as the whole world produced before 1776," runs American industry's story.

" . . . Has increased the average yearly income per family from $1,100 in 1899 to $2,600 in 1929.

" . . . Has developed, since 1879, eighteen new industries, responsible for at least ten million new jobs."

" . . . Has increased the industrial worker's money wages. In 1929 they were three times as high as in 1890.

" . . . Has done all this upon average profits of only four cents out of each dollar of sales (1919-1929 figures)."

The advertisements scrupulously avoid any mention of politics.

"We are partizan to principles, not to parties and men," says Weisenburger.

The insertion of the manufacturers' test advertisement in the Chicago *Tribune*, *Daily News* and *American* marked the first time in the forty years of its existence that the association has gone in for paid advertising, but business leaders have come to rely more and more, in recent years, upon advertising and publicity agents to tell their stories to a cold and skeptical public.

Need for Publicity—Just before the World War John D. Rockefeller was troubled by an industrial war that had spread through the West, seeping, finally, into his Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. At Ludlow, Colorado, there had been a skirmish between

Wide World

Edgar Kobak will tell Americans what industry has achieved

strikers and "scabs," resulting in bloodshed and the loss of several lives. An angry crowd collected before the Rockefeller offices in New York and booed the financier.

To wipe out the ill feeling created against him by this incident, Rockefeller called upon a young "public relations counsel," named Ivy Lee, who had gained prominence building up the prestige of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Lee devoted all his time to bettering the relations between the public and the Rockefellers. He became an important adviser in expanding the Rockefeller charities all over the world.

An enthusiastic supporter of industry's new effort to gain the friendship of the public is Colby M. Chester, President of the National Association of Manufacturers.

"Industry's silence in the face of continued criticism against the American business system has been misunderstood . . ." he declares.

"Industry and the public are inseparably linked in our American plan of living. Industry is too vital to the general welfare to become the football of political parties. . . . It is necessary that the essentials of the business system that has spelled our national progress for 150 years be placed before the American public clearly and dispassionately."

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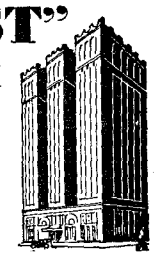
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JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
SINCE 1870 AT ALL DRUGGISTS
ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON SWOLLEN TIRED, ACHING, PERSPIRING FEET

Crime

GREAT DETECTIVE AND ARCH CRIMINAL

Gaston Means, America's Jekyll-Hyde, Near Death in Prison

On a white, narrow, iron bed in Leavenworth Penitentiary's two-story dust-bitten hospital building bulged the beefy frame of Gaston B. Means. America's one-time No. 1 sleuth nervously clenched the iron bed-frame while sweat drooped over his thick neck and heavy jaw.

In a corner of the ward, physicians debated on whether to operate on him. They knew that an operation might mean death.

Last week, Gaston Means toppled over a spittoon he was cleaning and fell to the floor with a cramp. Three years of confinement had weakened and undermined the once burly, 230-pound giant. Rushed to the hospital, he was diagnosed as having a severe kidney and bladder ailment.

If he recovers from his present illness, he will still have twelve more years to think over his stupendous law violations. High-lights of his astounding career include the charges: breach of promise, espionage, forgery, murder, opening of bonded warehouses of the Government to bootleggers, ninety-nine other violations of the National Prohibition Act, use of the mails to defraud, bribery to protect criminals, rifling the offices of United States Senators, larceny, embezzlement and conspiracy.

And yet, unlike nearly every criminal of his type and caliber, Gaston Means's record remained spotless during the first half of his life. Then, at the age of thirty-three, young Gaston was diligently developing his fantastic talents as a confidential man and investigator for J. W. Cannon, cotton-mill king, in whose North Carolina neighborhood the highly gifted detective had been born and reared.

His erudition first was applied when he took an insurance company over the hurdles for $4,000 in 1914.

The same year, the giant swaggered into the Burns Detective Agency. Within another year, he was rated as the greatest operative in that organization.

One morning, twelve months later, Means confided in William J. Burns that Captain von Papen, then German Military Attaché in Washington (later German Chancellor), had offered him $100,000 to work for the Kaiser in tying up American munition plants working for the Allies. He asked Burns to cooperate.

Mounting Income—Burns declined the proposition, whereupon Means left to become a spy. Overnight, his earnings soared to $1,000 a week and many thousands more for special assignments.

In an old isolated tomb in the New York Trinity Churchyard, in the dead of night, Means would find his orders cached in a crevice, together with bundles of $1,000 bills, Means testified.

Meanwhile, his acquaintance with a rich Chicago widow, Mrs. Maude King, was beginning to net handsome profits. He became her "trusted financial adviser," forged a few signatures, and got $110,000 for the young millionairess by causing her to break up a trust fund, established for her mother and two brothers.

"I'm going to make you worth $10,000,000 a year," he announced to the handsome widow one evening while they were playing dice. This pastime, incidentally, netted him roughly $60,000 of her money within a few months.

A "second will" which he produced would turn over to Mrs. King the entire $6,000,000 estate, of which only $1,000,000 had been awarded to her. His commission he fixed at $950,000, payable when the courts declared the will valid.

But Mrs. King wanted to marry again, and this did not fit into handsome Gaston's plans. One night in August, 1917, he arranged a moonlight target-shooting party, together with two friends. Near Blackwelder Springs, North Carolina, the party left the automobile.

Means suddenly became thirsty, insisted on drinking from a forest spring. Mrs. King remained with him while the other two members of the party walked ahead.

Acme

Gaston B. Means looks back on a record of spying, helping bootleggers, and hoax of $104,000 in the Lindbergh case

Means placed his pistol in the fork of a tree. Mrs. King was standing behind him. Then he stooped over the well and lit a match.

Simultaneously a pistol shot echoed through the woods. Mrs. King fell dead with a bullet hole in her head.

Freedom Won—Gaston Means was jailed. In the trial that followed, the attorney for the mother of the slain widow declared that $510,000 of Mrs. King's estate remained unaccounted for. But it could not be established that Means was guilty. He was acquitted.

Next, he undertook to prove the validity of the "second will." Standing to gain $950,000 for himself, he filed a suit for $1,000,000 against the trust company. But Judge Henry Horner of the Cook County Probate Court stamped the purported "last will," as an outright forgery.

Disappointed, the adroit swindler turned his attention to other fields.

While waiting for his appointment as special agent of the United States Department of Justice, he spent a leisurely forenoon in wrapping a block of wood in

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brown paper, insuring it as a "gold brick" for $57,000, and then claiming the insurance when it reached its destination. The fraud failed.

But in 1921 his Government appointment succeeded. Two years later, an indictment revealed that, while working as special investigator for the Government, he had opened the Government's liquor treasure houses to bootleg barons and dealt in millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of cases of liquor. His sumptuous loot totaled $100,000.

Moreover, he had used the mails to defraud, had bested a Chicago bootlegger out of $75,000 in a bogus deal, had conspired to defeat the liquor tax law, plotted with crooks to obstruct justice, and taken with his accomplices a bribe of $65,000 to free the principals in the famed Glass Casket hoax. He was further indicted for conspiring to bribe four high officials of the Department of Justice.

This time the law snapped down on him. He was sent to the Atlanta Penitentiary for four years and fined $20,000.

But even in jail, the crafty Southerner continued to sprout new ideas. The thirty-eight months of confinement were spent in sketching out a book. Two years after his release, in 1930, his stupendously audacious tale, "The Strange Death of President Harding," was published.

Red-Baiter—During a lull in his thrilling career, the master speculator offered his services to an "anti-Red" committee of the House of Representatives in Washington.

Meanwhile another pastime—that of "protecting" a rich New York society woman and her daughter from "threatening Red agents"—is said to have won for him a fee of $100,000.

Then the Lindbergh kidnaping case rocked the world. Like a flash, the predatory defrauder grasped the opportunity.

"I know who stole the Lindbergh baby," he announced. A few days later he had caught a victim.

Kidnaping Melodrama—Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, owner of the famous "unlucky" Hope diamond, wanted to help find the baby. Means bragged that, while at Atlanta, he met the man who plotted the crime.

Soon afterward, he announced he had "found" the kidnaped baby, which, he said, was being held "in the South," pending payment of $100,000 ransom. The money, plus $4,000 "expenses," was quickly turned over to him, and the party proceeded to Aiken, South Carolina. But the kidnapers failed to appear.

Means explained that they had been "scared" and had taken the baby to Mexico. Mrs. McLean rushed to El Paso. Again she was disappointed.

Then, when Means suddenly demanded an additional $35,000 "for the kidnapers," she became suspicious and turned the case over to Means's former employers, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Gaston was arrested, but a search by J. Edgar Hoover failed to produce the $104,000.

Means was sentenced on May 16, 1933, to fifteen years in the penitentiary and a $10,000 fine.

Last March his name appeared once more in newspapers when he tried to smuggle a letter out of the Leavenworth Penitentiary. Allegedly, it contained his "confession" of having originated the whole Lindbergh plot. Those who know Gaston Means firmly believe that no other mind in the nation could have been capable of conceiving and directing the execution of so gigantic a crime.

Off-Side

Musical Lightning—During a midnight thunderstorm, E. M. Summers of Marietta, Ohio, was awakened by some one playing loud music downstairs. Going down to give that some one a "piece of his mind," he found his own radio going. Lightning had fused it, bringing in the station to which the dial was set.

* * *

No Queen Foreseen—British souvenir manufacturers wondered whether to begin turning out mugs, plaques and trinkets bearing only King Edward VIII's portrait. They were informed by Lloyd's that odds are ten to one against the King bringing a bride to his coronation next May.

* * *

Hot Stuff—"Is it hot enough for you?" called a lady of Chicago to her perspiring neighbor pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with coal. He scowled, dropped his load and punched her right in the eye. Then the judge got hot, fined him $25.

* * *

Three-Bottle Lady—A police liquor raiding squad entered a Toronto home, found nothing to interest them, and then saw the picture of a lovely lady. Taking it from the wall for closer inspection, they uncovered a cache of three bottles.

* * *

Unappreciative Skunk—George Britton, operatic singer, in the midst of a spiritual before an audience of 7,000 at Chautauqua, New York, saw a skunk walk on the stage. Pausing, he broke into "I Got Plenty of Nothin'." The skunk fled.

* * *

Aerial Attack—In an endeavor to find out how far a mosquito has to fly to find its victim, several million mosquitos, tinted in four colors, will be let loose this year in Des Plaines Valley, Illinois. By their tints ye shall know them.

* * *

Coconut Twins—The first full-blooded aboriginal twins born in Australia in many years arrived at the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Coconut, near Weipa Station, Queensland. Sighed Papa Coconut: "Ethel bin find two piccaninnies."

* * *

More Wedding Bells—A Shreveport, Louisiana, couple recently married for the fourth time, altho they had never been divorced or separated. The iron-man bridegroom explained that he was partial to honeymoons.

* * *

Durable Shoes—John Crank of Woodland, California, says he has been wearing the same pair of shoes off and on for forty years, and the same hat for thirty-five. He changes his socks.

* * *

Fleas Heed SOS—To rid the court-house of fleas, Fort Gaines, Georgia, sent out an SOS for dogs. Hearing about it, some of the fleas walked out. Now the whole town's scratching.

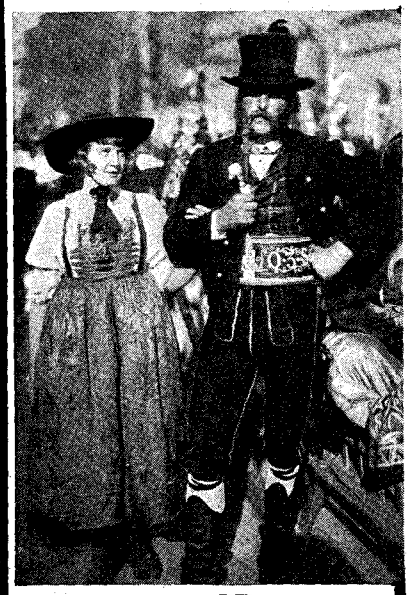
* * *

A young Negro of Louisville, Kentucky, who went to the city dump to salvage junk to buy himself a bicycle, returned $450 richer. The roll fell out of an old corset.

* * *

Roots and All—To make sure no one would mistake his politics, J. S. Hunt, Whitefish, Montana, rancher, pulled up an entire field of sunflowers.

NEXPENSIVE



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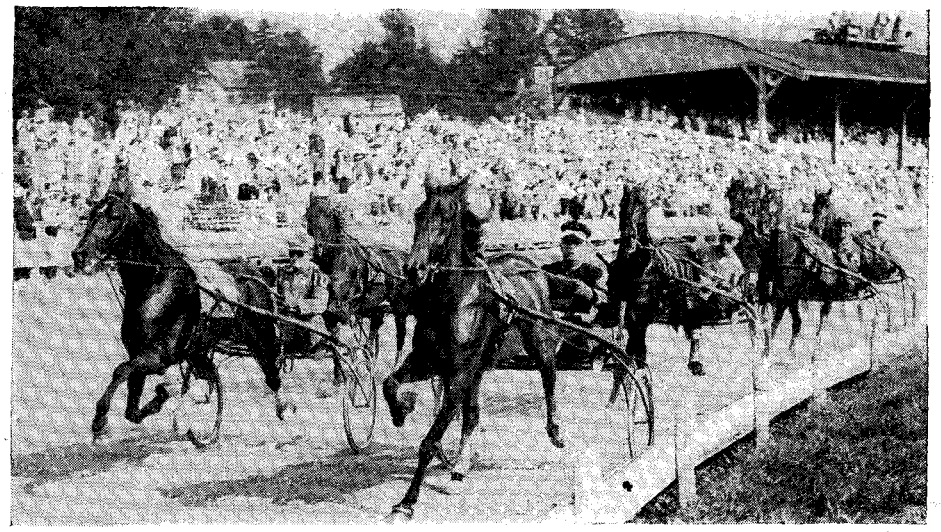
The Hambletonian Revives Thrills of a More Easy-Going Period



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Trotters round the turn with the winning Roselind on the rail at Good Time Park

Smartly-tailored Park Avenue debutantes and sleekly-marcelled Broadway chorines, linen-suited Philadelphia bankers and sweating, shirt-sleeved farmers, munched hot-dogs and guzzled beer out of bottles one blazing hot day last week as the indolent, aristocratic little village of Goshen, New York, gave its eleventh annual informal "open house."

Later on, they packed the rambling, wooden grand-stands, and fringed the white rail fences of Goshen's Good Time Track to watch a beautiful little three-year-old bay filly, Rosalind, win the Hambletonian, the richest and highest honor in the harness-horse world.

Ostensibly it was that race, hailed as the "Kentucky Derby" of trotters, that drew the record crowd of 45,000 people from Pennsylvania and Maine and California. But for those who had been there before, it was primarily the unique, country-fair atmosphere of Goshen's Hambletonian Day that lured them in the middle of the week from farms and city penthouses.

Morning Gallery—Early in the morning, before the first cars came streaming off the cement highway paralleling the track, "rail-birds" were squatting along the low fences lining the huge triangle, watching and commenting as the flowing-maned horses jogged through work-outs. With shrewd, horse-wise eyes, they looked for some fault or strength.

By midmorning, hours before the first heat, hordes of the less experienced but equally interested are milling about the stables. Aloud, they read the names of Rosalind and Ed Lasater and Brownie Hanover and Peter Song over the stalls, and marvel that the principals in the world's greatest trotting race should show such little nervousness.

Under a green and white striped tent just behind the grand-stand, weather-beaten old-timers who know the ancestors of every one of the horses, sit on camp-chairs and smile as Frank Muzzy, the "Will Rogers of New England," auctions off the pools.

"Fifty dollars for Rosalind! Who'll give fifty dollars for Rosalind?"

A man wearing green suspenders cocks his straw hat a little further back on his head and raises his hand.

The auctioneer beams.

"Letters?"

"D. W." says the man in green suspenders.

"Ah, gentlemen. We have Daniel Webster with us to-day. How fortunate! Who'll give thirty-three dollars for Ed Lasater?"

The real betting of the day goes on in the auction-tent. Outside, a few yards away, the bookies are urging on the betting, pointing now and then to black-board charts of the prices they offer on each horse for the first heat.

Across the way, under another striped tent, bustling waitresses are serving fried chicken and corn on the cob and home-made pie at rickety wooden tables. Proceeds go to the Ladies' Welfare Society. Business is brisk.

On the track, a dozen trotters and pacers are taking last-minute work-outs. Their drivers, most of them graying, deeply-tanned veterans of the Grand Circuit, are casually indifferent to the stares and remarks of the hundreds of men and women watching them.

No Disturbance—The horses, too, seem completely oblivious to the people, deaf to the loud-speakers blaring out a recording of "hot" music that somehow sounds strangely out of place. Not even the tractor dragging a scraper over the hard dirt surface, nor the two huge, noisy sprinkling trucks wetting down the dust, upset them.

Gradually, as race time approaches, the crowd drifts into the covered stands and open bleachers, overflowing to vantage points along the infield fence. As the more famous horses jog easily down the stretch, a loud-speaker booms their name, owner and best time.

Under the burning sun, the mingling babble of conversation and hand-clappings for the favorites almost drown out constant announcements from the judges' stand. Momentarily they diminish as a voice solemnly intones:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now ready to open the afternoon's festivities. The management . . ."

Through the first heat of the first race, for trotters, the huge crowd shows only passing interest. A few men wander down to the betting-booths to collect money they won on Calumet Epson and place another bet on the first heat of the second race, The Goshen for pacers.

The Great Event—Two bad starts, then an announcement that one of the horses has lost a shoe and the heat will be postponed. The crowd cheers. The next heat is the Hambletonian.

Slowly, impressively, America's ten best trotters walk out on the track from the left of the grand-stand, and start the long parade past the judges' tower. Once more, as each passes, the loud-speaker blares out the name, driver and best time.

No driver, it adds, has ever won the Hambletonian twice. But four of the silk-bloused, goggled veterans perched on the trim little racing sulkies have won once. Two of them have the cofavorites: Ed Lasater, driven by Sep Palin, who won with Greyhound last year, and Rosalind, handled by the famous driver and trainer, Ben White, who drove Mary Reynolds home in the 1933 Hambletonian.

The crowd roars an echoing tribute as Rosalind passes. They have heard the story of the little brown filly that Ben White gave his son, Gibson, when the twenty-one-year-old boy was seriously ill three years ago. They know, too, that Gibson is not yet well enough to drive his own horse in the race, a lifelong ambition that seemed possible a year ago.

Tense Spectators—The stands are suddenly tense, almost quiet, as the field turns after the walk back to the post and trots down for the "score," or start. As they pass the judges' stand, a bell rings. Down the stretch, they pull up and start back to try again.

Six times the ten glittering, bicycle sulkies jockey for position and race for the judges' stand before Steve Phillips, the starter, lets them get away, with Rosalind in seventh place from the rail, and Ed Lasater on the outside.

At the first turn, the betters who rate

Acme

A hug for the victor: Gibson White congratulates his father, Ben, at Goshen

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Ed Lasater on even terms with Rosalind at 9 to 5, groan when Gaiety Mite, Hollyrood Hermes, and Peter Song break into a gallop, forcing Sep Palin to maneuver the bay gelding around them and into a hopeless position.

With Ben White hunched on the narrow sulky seat, his black and white racing blouse and silk driver's cap ballooning in the wind, Rosalind leads the field all the way around the triangular track, finishing first in 2:01¾, the fastest heat ever trotted by a Hambletonian winner.

Once again the grand-stands thunder applause as White, who looks more like a country doctor than a race driver, walks his filly back past the judges' tower. He knows he has one more heat to win before Rosalind gets the trophy.

The crowds know it too. Excitedly, noisily, they reenact the first heat, speculate as to what might have happened if Ed Lasater hadn't been forced out.

Wagering Shifts—In the betting-booths the bookies have made Rosalind an almost prohibitive 3 to 10 favorite for the second heat, with Ed Lasater at even money.

In the stands, gaily-frocked women and linen-suited men wander around among the reserved boxes, chatting with friends, asking them what they think of "Lasater's chances." They are momentarily thrilled when, at the start of the second heat of the first race, Volo Arion's sulky breaks a wheel, throwing the driver sprawling on the track.

Then, with the announcement of the second heat of the Hambletonian, the running torrent of voices dwindles for a moment.

Rosalind is on the rail now. On the first score, the starter sends them away and the smooth-gaited filly, trotting magnificently, takes the lead.

Coming into the stretch, Ed Lasater makes his last driving attempt to pass Rosalind.

He comes within half a length, then drops back slightly as the filly, breathing easily, flashes across the finish line to win the trophy and $19,269.

From the judges' stand Rosalind's young owner, accepting the trophy, drawls over the loud-speaker:

"Of course, I expect I'm the happiest young man in the world to-day, no kiddin'. I have a great filly and a great dad."

ANNUAL CARNAGE:

Americans Join British in Shooting of Grouse in Scotland

Fusillades of gunfire crackled on the peaceful, heathered moorlands of Scotland one morning last week. Amongst the 10,000 quick-triggered sharpshooters, several score Americans with money-connoting names such as F. T. Bedford, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, Walcott Blair, Herbert L. Pratt, A. M. Byers, Mrs. Ernest Wagner and Dr. Shepherd Krech, renewed their guerrilla warfare after an eight-months' truce.

A few hours later, fast planes were droning over the rolling English countryside, London-bound, with the newest trophies of the century-old carnage: the highly-esteemed, highly-expensive and highly-ill-fated Scottish grouse.

From the "Glorious Twelfth" of August, when the first casualties of the shooting season are proudly displayed in London show-cases, until early December, when two plump birds fetch slightly more than a dollar on a grouse-drugged market, wealthy Britons and foreigners bang away at their traditional sport with an almost religious fervor.

Millions of Casualties—By the end of the season, birds and sportsmen have both taken a beating. Approximately 4,000,000 grouse are out of circulation. And the equivalent of approximately $10,000,000 in rental fees is jingling in the pockets of land-poor moor owners who have found grouse-shooting a life-saver in the ever-mounting sea of British taxes.

For grouse-shooting is expensive. So expensive, in fact, that most of the people who indulge in it are millionaires.

As one American foreign correspondent commented, the sport is so well organized that "you can hardly look at a grouse without owning or renting a moor." Tradition sells high. Consequently, most of the 3,000 or 4,000 moors are sold out well in advance of the season for sometimes exorbitant prices.

Rentals are based on the probable yield, or "bag," as estimated by the gamekeepers. The usual figure is around $5 a brace of grouse. To get a fairly large moor, complete with a barn-like, dank baronial castle, a corps of experienced gamekeepers, 3,000 brace of grouse, and half a hundred stags

Keystone

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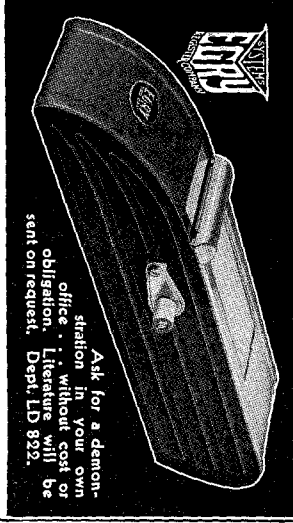

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By CHARLES HARRIS GARRIGUES

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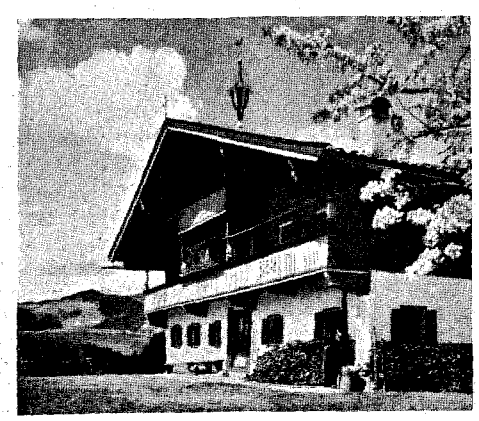
By NINA MURDOCH

This record of a summer holiday in Austrian Tyrol is a book for those who like pottering about medieval villages; visiting old castles; wandering in pine and larch woods, and through flowery meadows; tasting strange food in ancient inns; noting the manners and dress, the customs and talk, of peasants. Through the book run the history and legends of Tyrol. Miss Murdoch is interested in everything and has the gift of imparting her interest. Illustrated with 32 photographs. *Published August 21.* $3.00; $3.14, post-paid.



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thrown in for good measure, costs around $15,000 for four months.

Free and Easy—What the Indian maharaja, or British lord, or American soap king spends above that for house-servants, food and liquor, and the never-ending parties as essential as the shooting itself, is his own business.

Misrepresenting the probable grouse yield of a moor is as treasonable, everywhere in the British Isles except Ireland, as hissing the King. Last June an Edinburgh judge, Lord Mackay, awarded $4,750 damages to a Scottish sportsman, Capt. A. M. Talbot Fletcher, who had rented a large moor and found out, when the shooting began, that there wasn't very much to shoot at.

No matter how many birds a man shoots during a day, he never talks about it unless some one asks him. Years ago, Lord Walsingham set a world's record by knocking down 1,070 brace in one day. One hundred brace isn't a bad day's bag, and a party can hold its own by dropping seventy-five in a morning and afternoon.

Dogs Take Part—On some moors, where coveys of grouse are scattered, they still shoot with dogs. But usually, guests at a grouse shoot on the Scottish moorlands stand in "butts," or crescent-shaped trenches, and wait for the "beaters" to drive hundreds of the whirring birds within range.

The butts are usually lined up, eight or ten in a row, on the reverse side of a hill. Grouse fly better, straighter and faster, over and down a slope. Early in the season, when they aren't so gun-shy, they fly low, sometimes only three or four feet above the ground.

Driving Method—Possibly a mile away across the moor, thirty or forty beaters start driving the birds toward the guns, walking slowly in a wide arc.

Suddenly, all of No Man's Land seems to lift in one huge, whirring mass of flying birds, and the cannonading is on. As fast as the loaders can jam cartridges into the double-barreled shotguns, the gunners blast away at the onrushing birds until guns are piping hot, arms weary, and the ground littered with dead or wounded grouse.

Almost as suddenly as they came, the grouse are out of range. Men and dogs forage about for the casualties, then begin the long, wearying trek to the next line of butts, sometimes two or three miles away.

Offhand, grouse shooting in Scotland and northern England strikes many American sportsmen as snobbish, effete and unnecessarily cruel. To the charge of snobbishness, Britishers can offer very little defense. Theirs is a sport of, by and for wealthy people.

Defensive Argument—But they indignantly refute the indictment of grouse-shooting as effete. Getting to the line of butts often means walking seven or eight miles over rough country. Then, between drives, another tiring hike of two or three miles.

Principally, Britons resent charges that grouse shoots are cruel. It isn't just a question of sitting back and bombarding a target they couldn't miss if they tried. Grouse are among the wildest of all game birds. It takes a crack shot to wing them.

Furthermore, they say, if they didn't kill off a goodly number of grouse every season, many of the birds would die of undernourishment, and others would develop and spread fatal diseases among themselves. And then? Why, the grouse-shooting wouldn't be nearly so good the next year.

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NICKEL-IN-METER REGULATES PARKING

A Fighting Editor Invents a Gadget to Deal With Congestion

The most important scoop of sixty-three-year-old Carlton Cole Magee's newspaper career had nothing to do with newspaper work. It consisted of beating the world to the production of an automatic nickel-in-the-slot parking regulator.

Unlike newspaper scoops, this industrial "beat" promises to make rich the former Scripps-Howard editor. First-year sales of the device already have totaled close to half a million dollars.

Last week in eleven cities, motorists slipped nickels into 8,702 Original Magee Park-O-Meters for the privilege of parking on their own streets. In a score of other communities, city fathers poised pens above contracts, waiting only for legal questions to be straightened out. The invasion of shoulder-high hitching-posts, surmounted by nickel-devouring meters, threatened to spread to every congested community in the nation.

Rushing Demand—The one-time editor's home-town of Oklahoma City gobbled up his first batch of parking gadgets. In the crowded down-town district which had been monopolized for all-day parking by city-employed motorists, the Police Department unobstrusively marked off parking spaces at twenty-foot intervals. There on the curbs, one bright morning, motorists found four-foot-high metal posts, surmounted by clock-like timing mechanisms. On them, plainly lettered, was: "Sixty minute parking 5c." Police, however, had to do some extensive explaining.

Reluctantly, then, motorists dropped nickels into the slots; up shot green dials resembling the flags on cab meters. Simultaneously, white arrows began to move slowly across the dials, indicating the amounts of time consumed. For a nickel, the city could sell as much parking time as it wished—an hour in the shopping districts, but only ten minutes in the financial section. When parking time expired, the green flag dropped out of sight. A policeman strolling by spotted the offender.

It all began when Magee, Editor of the Oklahoma City *News*, two years ago received an assignment from the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce: "Solve the local traffic problem."

Because public-spirited citizen Magee had tinkered with machines and had produced a home-made self-starter for automobiles long before they appeared commercially, his thoughts ran to a solution by mechanical gadget. In four months, he knew what he wanted but lacked the time and skill to produce it. Therefore he offered $3,000 to postgraduate students of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College to devise a slot-machine meter that would sell parking-time to motorists, then warn traffic officers when paid-for time had elapsed.

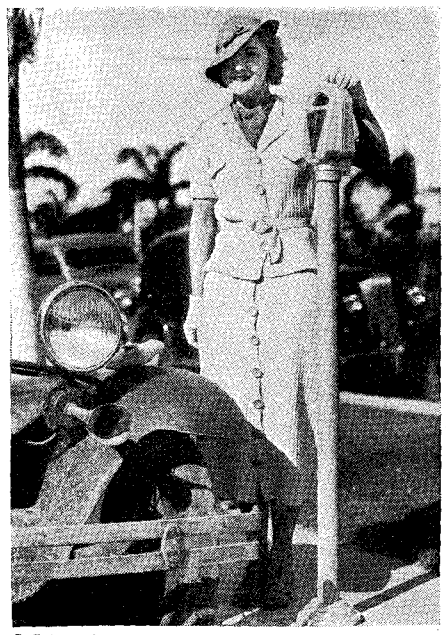
Double Purpose—From these plans the Macknick Company of Tulsa, precision machine manufacturers, developed the Dual Park-O-Meter, dual because it would serve two purposes: control parking and provide revenue. Magee capitalized his Dual Parking Meter Company at $50,000, snapped shut the roll-top desk in his editorial sanctum and became a manufacturer.

Oklahoma City tried 174 parking meters, found they eliminated double parking, reduced the number of police needed to patrol the section, routed the parking hog who left his car in or near the same spot for many hours. In quick order, Oklahoma City ordered 523 more.

Promptly Dallas, Texas, St. Petersburg and Miami, Florida; Kansas City, Missouri, and a half-dozen other cities followed suit. While twenty-seven workmen in the Dual Meter Company plant sped operations to meet a flood of orders, 300 field salesmen drove home simple, convincing sales talks: the meters earned their way; they helped fill impoverished municipal coffers.

For the $58 Dual Parking Meter, a city pays no cash down; it doesn't even spend money to install them. That cost, averaging $1, is paid out of the first three days' "take" of nickels. (A day's "take" averages 40 cents.) Then for six months the city nabs fifteen per cent. of the nickels to pay operators and collectors. To the meter company it turns over the remaining 85 per cent. to pay off the $58 cost price.

Altho city fathers and merchants cheered for the parking meter, motorists failed to take them to their bosoms. Their chief



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Overtime parkers beware: a clockwork mechanism in this meter is a telltale to patrolmen

complaints: it's just another tax; why pay nickels into a gadget which peaches on you to the police?

In Kansas City, motorists named the meters "nickel nabbers," and "one-armed bandits." In San Antonio, Texas, townsmen dubbed them "gypometers."

Two incidents exasperated police by the monotonous regularity with which they recurred: inebriated pedestrians mistook parking meters for slot-machines and fumbled for jackpots; economical motorists dashed wildly from meter to meter, hoping to find one which had unused time.

Most powerful critic was the American Automobile Association, which turned thumbs down on the gadgets as just "another harassing tax on the motorist" and advised its 750 affiliated clubs to fight them. In New York City, the Automobile Club of New York took a leaf from the Liberty League's book, put its lawyer to work, and promptly discovered that parking meters are unconstitutional.

Since Magee had already triumphed in a preliminary legal skirmish in Oklahoma City, he worried little over court fights. Altho son of a clergyman and brother of a Methodist Episcopal bishop, the six-foot-one-inch newspaper man liked fights.

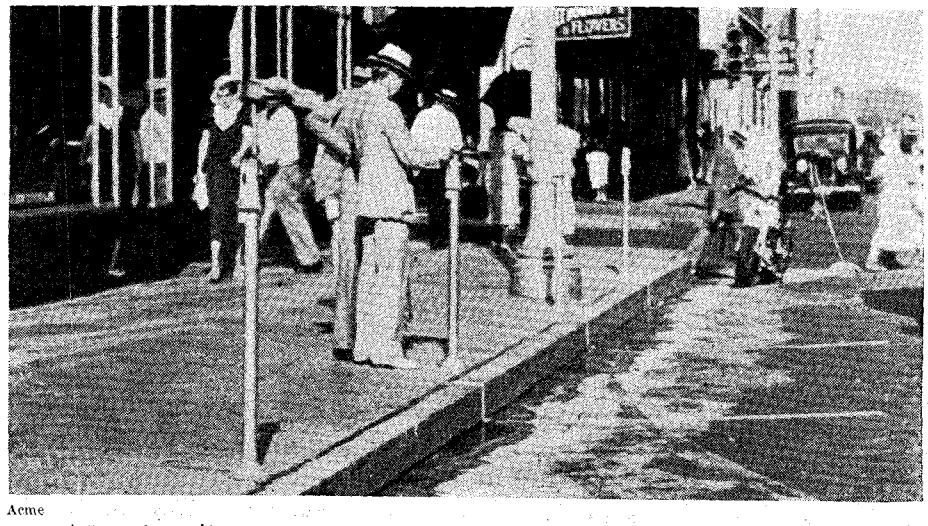
For that reason, he had once abandoned the unexciting job of supervising schools in Carroll, Iowa, and later abandoned the practise of law in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Fighting Editor—In 1922 and 1923, as Editor of the Albuquerque (N. M.) *Journal* and later the New Mexico *State Tribune*, he locked horns with Senator Albert B. Fall. Magee's disclosures precipitated the Teapot Dome Oil Investigation which sent Fall to jail.

That done, Magee accused District Court Judge D. J. Leahy of New Mexico of corruption. Leahy charged Magee with libel and contempt, heard the cases himself, sentenced the crusading editor to jail. New Mexico's Governor pardoned him.

In 1925, Magee stumbled on Leahy in an East Las Vegas hotel. The infuriated jurist knocked Magee down and booted him. The Editor produced a revolver, shot at Leahy, but killed a spectator. Acquitted of manslaughter, he left for Oklahoma City.

Meanwhile in New York City, J. Numa



Acme

Automatic parking-meters: it costs money to park cars in down-town Oklahoma City

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Jordy, Dual Parking Meter Company's No. 1 Salesman, waged a one-man drive to land an order twenty times as great as the company's total sales of parking meters last year. In Oklahoma City, the husky, round-faced salesman is known as the timber broker who closed $27,000,000 of sales in a twenty-five-year career; no less noteworthy was his sale of $20,000,000 in ships and coal to the French Government during the World War.

As persistent as he was eleven months ago when he started his campaign, Mr. Jordy continued to scurry about the five sprawling boroughs of the metropolis, mapping likely spots for parking meters. He button-holed traffic inspectors, aldermen, Borough Presidents, city attorneys, even the State's Attorney General.

For his cause he had mobilized impressive boards of trade, chambers of commerce. With their help he hoped to get Father Knickerbocker's signature to a contract which ultimately would call for 200,000 parking meters, costing $11,600,000.

That done, Mr. Jordy planned to embark for Paris to introduce dix-sous meters in that capital's streets. Later he hoped to do the same for London.

PIANO COME-BACK: The Industry Is Finding Its Way Out in the Player and Radio Age

Long and wobegone have been the faces which piano-tuners have displayed to friends for almost a decade. Last week in Canton, Ohio, piano-tuners faces cracked into broad grins.

From twenty-three States they had gathered for a cheerful, three-day convention. Officers supplied the cheer by announcing that the piano business no longer was moping along at an *adagio molto doloroso*. Instead it had whirled into a brisk *allegro*. More piano-users meant bread and butter and perhaps jam for tuners.

Up to date piano trouble-shooters not only chase moths from dusty sounding-boards but also serve as advisers for piano purchasers. Piano manufacturers therefore had laid out their finest, newest wares for the tuners' inspection. To wise tuners this exhibit explained how canny piano producers had recaptured that fickle jade, public approval.

Instead of bulky towering uprights, manufacturers had devised adequate pianos that could fit into the space of a small side table and attract apartment dwellers who had room only for the most indispensable furniture.

No longer did all pianos look alike. Alert piano merchandisers had learned that while an accomplished pianist cares little for styling or "packaging," design in pianos means much to the young housewife.

Optimistic Forecasts—Delightedly, piano-tuners heard that manufacturers expected to sell 100,000 units before the year was up. To be sure, this was nowhere near the 343,000 pianos sold in 1923, nor the 320,000 average which for a decade ending in 1925 grossed $200,000,000 annually. Yet this year's 100,000 sales would be a considerable improvement over the 27,000 units of 1932, and even the 60,000 units last year.

More important, the figures proved that the piano industry thrived on adversity: industrial Cassandras who had prognosticated that the radio would make pianos as rare as mustache cups and buggies had proved idle prophets.

In similar fashion the piano had made false prophets of those who predicted that the phonograph would do the industry in. Driven to the wall by the gramophone, piano makers had produced the mechanical player-piano and had stolen their rivals' very selling-point:

"Why labor over a music education?" they advertised. "Make music by pumping with your feet." Laboriously, then with high speed, the industry came back. In 1923, when 343,000 pianos were sold, 55 per cent. of them were "players."

For appealing to prospective customers' slothfulness, piano makers paid a big price in the long run. When radios appeared, piano-player paddlers no longer even had to paddle. All they had to do was listen.

Piano sales toppled; with them toppled forty-three out of eighty piano companies.

Early in 1935 the thirty-seven surviving manufacturers took stock, decided that radio alone was not responsible. Living habits had changed.

While homes had become more compact, pianos still retained their ample bulk and thus debarred themselves from homes which could boast much music appreciation, but little space.

Editorial Admonitions—Trade papers scolded producers roundly. Roy E. Waite, Editor of the *Piano Trade Magazine*, barked editorially: why not make a new-type piano that will harmonize with modern furniture and modern trends of home decoration? The Editor argued that an instrument with the qualities of a fine grand piano could be packed into a small container that could fit into the most cramped quarters.

First to respond was the Haddorf Piano Co. of Rockford, Illinois. For its new "vertichord grand" it claimed grand-piano tone and volume.

Yet the new vertichord lowered the towering old upright's size by more than a foot. Measuring forty-five inches high, sixty inches wide and twenty-five and one-half inches deep, the new instrument was essentially a grand piano up-ended. The trade dubbed the new piano a "humpback" and waited. Consumers clamored for it at once; the company has as yet not caught up with orders that began to flood in May, 1935.

The Mathushek Piano Manufacturing Co., which had introduced a spinet grand piano in 1931, found itself competing overnight with eight producers of spinets, musettes, mignonettes. Other concerns produced flat-tops and lowboys which could be tucked away in the space once occupied by a side-table. Tiniest of the Tom Thumb pianos is the Winter and Co.'s pianette which retails for $99.50 and competes with a $60 Japanese piano which costs $4 to produce.

Recovery—Piano deals in 1935 leaped 35 per cent. A study of vertical piano sales convinced piano men they were on the right track: Grands in 1931 accounted for 60 per cent. of the sales; currently, piano men sell 30 per cent. grands, 70 per cent. verticals.

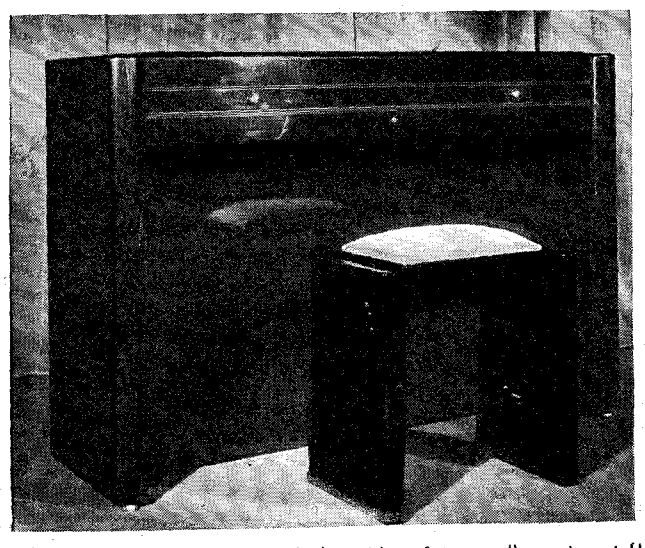
Henry Ford of piano manufacturers is Winter and Co., which goes in for low-priced pianos and stands near the top in unit production.

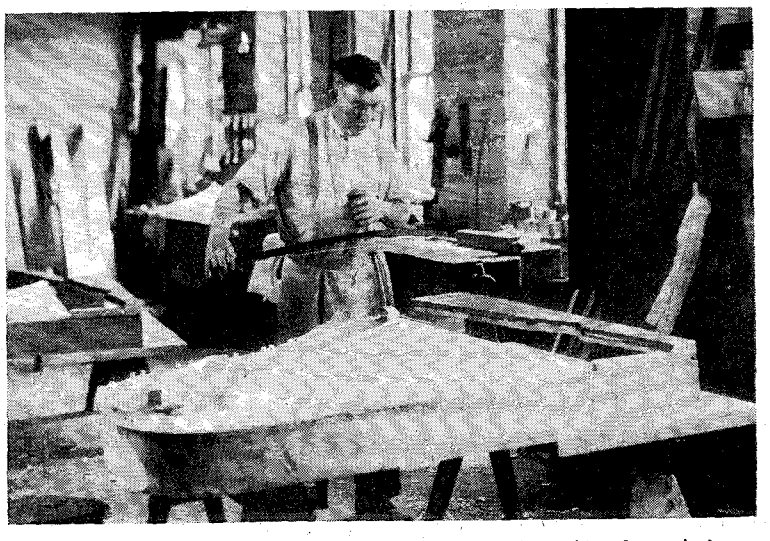
General Motors of the industry is the Aeolian-American Corporation, which produces Chickering, Knabe, Weber, Steck and the Mason Hamlin. Fifth in sales volume, but first in prestige, is Steinway and Sons. This year it introduced an $885 model, calculated to accomplish for Steinway what moderate-priced models have done for fine-class cars.

Most pleasant of piano men's present occupations is theorizing as to how and why their industry survived autos, movies and radios.

Most popular is the belief that the industry rescued itself by its own ingenuity in offering modern pianos. Piano men like to argue that they brought out an acceptable piano at precisely the moment when thousands of persons had good reason for wanting one, piano men argued.

Less complimentary to producers is the contention that radio, instead of dooming





Pianos go modern in design with this midget for a small apartment (left) but workmen still put long hours into the intricate workmanship of grand pianos

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home-made music, has revived it by kindling a new interest in musical self-expression.

Backing this theory were the music schools. Several years ago, they went begging for pupils. Current registrations are the largest in a decade.

CROP SHORTAGES: Federal Report Foreshadows Increased Cost of Living

"Poor crops this year!" warned the Department of Agriculture last week, parading a sobering array of details:

(1) The smallest corn production in fifty-five years; fully 500,000 bushels short of normal domestic requirements.

(2) A wheat yield 20 per cent. below the 1928-1932 five-year average; barely sufficient for the country's needs.

(3) Far less oats, barley, rye, hay, flaxseed, grain sorghums than were harvested in 1935; also far less tobacco, hops, apples, peaches, grapes. Among major staples, cotton alone promised to exceed last year's growth.

Chiefly responsible is drought. Chiefly disturbing is the indicated deficiency of feed grains, which presages curtailed production of live stock, higher market prices next winter for meats, dairy products and poultry. Definitely foreshadowed is a lifting of AAA restrictions on corn and wheat plantings to assure greater acreage next year. Federal crop insurance, perhaps the "ever normal granary" storage plan of Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, is gaining adherents.

The predicted shortage of corn is most serious. The Government's forecast was based on conditions on August 1, and continuation of drought since then has caused still further deterioration. Already, enough has happened to keep corn prices up indefinitely. Farmers will market corn-fed hogs as soon as possible to avoid high feeding costs, with resulting reduction of the pork supply next year. Pork is the country's greatest normal meat supply, furnishes the greatest volume of raw material for the packing companies.

In some regions, more fortunate cattle growers will keep beeves on pasture longer than usual, will winter-feed them more hay, less grain. Generally, however, scarce and high-priced feed grains will operate powerfully to restrict meat and other food supplies, to raise living costs, and to stimulate imports of foreign farm products. The drought-produced crop failure of 1934 made the United States definitely a grain-importing country for the first time in its history.

Perhaps not for several months will consumers begin to feel the pinch of higher food costs resulting from crop deficiency. First effects of hurrying farm animals to terminal markets may well be temporary oversupply and temporary declines in retail meat prices. Since crop disaster in 1934 did not produce really high food markets until the summer of 1935, similar delay this year would not be illogical. Nevertheless, agricultural experts agree that they are again clearly in prospect, and that the nation's market-basket budget must rise.

© International

The American farmer stares ahead as he stands amid his ruined crops

Price Advances—For the grain grower, high prices will go far to offset diminished yields. Last week, it could be calculated that, despite July deterioration, market values of indicated corn, wheat and oats crops had increased materially. Collectively, farmers appeared to have gained from crop damage, while consumers stood to suffer. Yet general uneasiness over the situation became evident, and Government officials found it necessary to admit fear that the current drought effect might continue three years before full recovery is realized.

Legislative Shift—At the same time, agitation for some form of Government-controlled crop insurance was given new impetus. Secretary Wallace predicted that it would be a principal topic of autumn farm conferences, that storage of crops in Government granaries probably would be the resulting system. Thus Joseph of old once prevented famine in Egypt, tho under the Wallace plan, as yet but vaguely outlined, the farmer would insure a percentage of his normal crop by making his insurance payments in grain, to be stored in a common pool.

Ultimate adoption of some such communal, Federal-directed scheme is believed likely, now that New Deal output-control theories have been defeated by Nature. More potently than the Supreme Court, too little rain and too much sun have made revamping of AAA processes a necessity, have shown crop restriction and surplus destruction to be dangerous.

Gains in Cotton—Contrasting with the grains, cotton's condition was so improved during July that a better than recent average crop is now in sight, probably topping that of last year by nearly 1,250,000 bales. With price what it is, and demand what it promises to be, that should mean the best year for growers since 1929, perhaps also the best for the country's cotton export trade. The indicated larger crop materially exceeds the old "third of a bale to an acre" average, which has long been the accepted measure for cotton production.

Since a cotton bale contains 500 pounds, that acre-average means slightly more than 166 pounds. This year, the average is only a fraction less than 200 pounds. Thus, in the case of cotton, managed restriction of acreage has been overruled by unusually lavish growth in districts where drought damage was absent.

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Parade

Refusing all offers of lifts from passing motorists, **Edward Everett Hale 3d** walked from New York to Philadelphia in less than four days and won a $50 bet. An actor and the grandson of the author of "The Man Without a Country," Hale made the wager with another member of The Players. Last year he had won $45 from the same person, who contended he could not walk ten miles in three hours around a block in Detroit while smoking a cigar. Hale denied any aspirations toward "walkathlon" honors, but admitted losing eleven pounds and acquiring three blisters during his latest road jaunt.

"English women have developed a new flair for chic," declared **James Montgomery Flagg**, artist, on his return from Europe. To avoid police interference he had obtained a special permit to paint watercolors and sketch in London parks.

Floyd Gibbons stated that the impetus for his latest reporting chore abroad came from a traffic cop. "Only last Sunday," he said, "I was riding along in New Jersey and a copper stopped me. When he recognized me, he said, 'What are you doing here? You must be a slacker or you would be over in Spain covering that fight.' After that I knew I had to go."

* * *

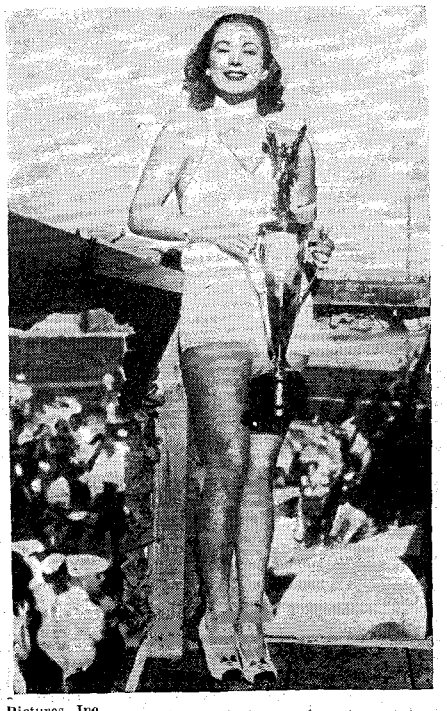
"My favorite pursuits are crap-shooting, old vintages and fishing," said **Dr. Thad St. Martin**, author and physician. "What's more, my home town is Houma in Terrebonne Parish and this is not a suburb of New Orleans; it is nearly the reverse."

Arthur B. Reeve, fifty-five, author of more than 500 novels, novelettes, short stories, picture plays and radio sketches, died at Trenton, New Jersey. A specialist in mystery yarns, his most famous character was *Craig Kennedy*. During the past fifteen years Reeve covered leading murder trials for newspapers.

Eyebrows in the art world lifted as Paris experts decreed "concretionism" as the latest fashionable "ism" to be discussed pro and con in studios. Originator of the idea: **John Ferren**, thirty-one-year-old American artist who insists on the use of concrete forms in all his canvases. He denies that his style is revolutionary, but insists that most modern painters have merely been tearing down old formulas.

Ferren was born on the Blackfoot Indian reservation at Pendleton, Oregon, and for years traveled with his father, an officer in the Indian Service. After studying at the University of Southern California, he became an electrical engineer with a California telephone company. At the end of five years he decided to drop engineering and take up sculpture. He was in Paris another five years before critics found his work to be "concretionism." With a number of works in various museums of two continents, Ferren is now secretary of the Anglo-American Artists' Association of Paris.

Art-minded foreheads puckered as Ferren declared: "I seek to link the freedom of abstract and cubist art with the painting developed centuries ago."



Pictures, Inc.

Phyllis Dodson, as "Miss California," will enter the forthcoming National Beauty Pageant

* * *

En route to Canada to baptize several grandnieces and grandnephews, the Right Rev. and Right Hon. **Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram**, Lord Bishop of London, paused in New York long enough to inspect the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, attend a University Club dinner and take a peek at Radio City. In three visits since 1907, he said, he had baptized about forty relatives.

Declining to read most modern fiction and preferring Milton and Shakespeare, **Nathalia Crane**, poetess, celebrated her twenty-third birthday. Fourteen years ago, on the publication of her first book of verse, she became known as "the child genius."

Ranging in age from ten months to seven years, 186 aspirants, accompanied by their mothers, lined up for the Kansas City Beauty Contest—for juveniles. **Janet Claire Sheehy**, two, was the winner. Proudly she shook the ten dark-brown curls on the back of her head and the spit curl in front. Dimpled, knock-kneed and thirty inches in height, she giggled as she appeared in a green bathing suit, panties and moccasins. The most formidable contender for her honors was Joan Reckewey, also two years of age, a blonde, and the possessor of ringlet curls. "Okay," Joan replied, as she heard the verdict. Then both kissed and said beauty contests were all right.

In a beauty contest for majors in Venice, California, **Phyllis Dodson** won the title of "Miss California." Before returning to consider possible film offers, she will represent her native State at the National Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City.

* * *

Hugo Ara, erstwhile viola player of the Flonzaley Quartet, was found living on the little island of Isola Pescatore in Lago Maggiore. Once well known throughout the United States for his many tours, the musician has given up contact with the outside world. He sold his viola, keeps no mementos and passes much time fishing with the natives. His only relic from American days is a cocktail-shaker. His best friend and neighbor is Arturo Toscanini.

En route to posts at distant Alaskan lighthouses, five men recently sailed through the Bering Sea. They will be absent two years, without any neighbors and with no place to spend their money. "The assignment is voluntary," said **R. R. Tinkham**, Chief Engineer of the lighthouse service, "and you'd be surprized how many men apply for those positions."

Pictures, Inc.

No ill will: Joan Reckewey, runner-up, and Janet Sheehy, winner in juvenile beauty contest

Mrs. Cora Lillian Bennett, widow of Floyd Bennett, married Charles William Roeder, music publishers' representative, in New York. Mrs. Roeder learned to fly after her first husband's death and in 1931 helped to dedicate New York City's $4,000,000 airport to his memory. Last December she was appointed to direct a study of domestic service made by the Industrial Reemployment Bureau of the WPA.

"So far, in writing histories, historians have paid little attention to archeological material," declared **Albert Ten Eyck Olmstead**, Professor of Oriental History at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. He sailed for Europe and Asia Minor, where he will pass a year teaching and completing a book on New Testament history. "I want to have people go in their imagination into these cities and see the every-day life."

* * *

Helen Grayson, designer, believes that women should dress in the manner of modern dances. "The sense of line and rhythm in motion, exemplified by the precision of Fred Astaire's dancing, would be a far truer inspiration for modern clothes."

"I hope the police don't arrest me before I have time to dust the Supreme Court," **Woody Hockaday** told newspaper men in Washington. The Wichita peace campaigner, self-styled Chief Pow Wow, called on government officials and scattered feathers in executive offices. "Feathers instead of bullets," he shouted.

Charley Robert Lockhart, Treasurer of the State of Texas, passed a week in New York visiting night-clubs, burlesque shows and "generally having a good time." Forty-five inches tall and "not sensitive about his size or shape," the Treasurer said employees were paying for "the whole damn works."

* * *

"He was a tree fancier rather than a forester," commented **Heywood Broun** in a column devoted to the death of **Lincoln Steffens**. The author and lecturer died at his Carmel, California, home at seventy. The next day his wife wrote: "The last

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written message from my husband to the world before he died was one hailing the fight of the Spanish People's Front against the reactionary Fascist uprising."

Music lovers all over the world were shocked to learn that Maurice Ravel, French composer, is so ill at a sanatorium that he may never again be able to compose. Meanwhile several American orchestra leaders were putting his "Bolero" into "swing" tempo.

Having been mentioned in seven books of memoirs, **Eva Gauthier,** concert singer, has finally decided to write her own autobiography. Often called "the leading pioneer of modern music," the Canadian-born musician plans to trace trends in music to-day from a personal view-point.

* * *

"Then it's all right to say your acting career is over?"

"Of course," snapped **Ethel Barrymore.** "I said so myself and you might get it right for once."

Following her statement over the radio that she was finished with the footlights, Ethel Barrymore once again garnered front-page attention. From now on, the actress stated, her life would be devoted to helping and encouraging young actors and actresses. She will specialize in coaching them in speech, dramatic and public presentations.

* * *

On his annual vacation **Jesse I. Straus,** United States Ambassador to France, announced that "the Frenchman is first a Frenchman and then a patriot." He also declared that the recent strike in France was a good-natured affair and had been exaggerated by the world press.

Admitting there was no legal objection, **E. G. C. Bleakly,** City Solicitor, still protested against the Veterans of Foreign Wars' idea to install a bar in the new City Hall at Camden, New Jersey. "It is ridiculous," he fumed, "and a very bad thing."

William W. Haverly, eighteen, astounded engineers by building a model rail system now on display in Chicago. It contains 865 feet of track, automatic train controls, six engines, a passenger terminal for thirty cars, an eight-stall roundhouse, a coal-tipple, ice-house and live stock pens. In every way the model is said to conform to the specifications and drawings of the American Railway Association encyclopedia.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Colón y Aguilera—Duke of Veragua—as if written *co-lone' ee ah-gee-lair'rah* (hard *g*).

Fulgencio Batista—Cuban military leader—also hard *g: fool-gen'see-o bah-tees'tah.*

Gamelin—French Chief of Staff—with slurred *e: gam'e-lan"* (*an* as in *sang*).

Gomez—President of Cuba—as the two words *go* and *mess: go'mess.*

Grau San Martin—ex-President of Cuba—*grow* (as in *growl*) *sahn mar-teen'.*

Dolores Ibarruri—leader of Spanish women—her first name is *do-lo'raise,* then *ee-bah-rroo'ri* (trill *rr*).

Pedraza—Cuban military chief—*z* is *s: peh-drah'sah.*

Li Shou-hsin—Chinese war-lord—the nearest English is *lee shoo-shin.*

Mail

(Continued from page 2)

That, it seems to me, is hardly "Red." Further from Mr. Broun:

"By all military calculations there should have been a swift sweep to victory and to Fascism. But the masses of Spain rose against the tyrants and proved superb soldiers, just as the American farmers did at Concord and Bunker Hill. We called these men who fought for their liberty 'patriots.' General Bullard calls the Spanish youths who fight for their freedom 'Red.'"

As does THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Now, according to the Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, a "Red" is "one who is ultraradical or anarchistic in his political views." The definition of anarchy certainly will not fit the present Government.

And who is doing this revolting anyway?

MALCOLM BABBITT.

Palo Alto, California.

[See the following letter, and choose your side.—*Editor.*]

Sir:—Your article on the Spanish revolt in the August 8 issue was most enlightening. At last I have some idea of what it is all about.

My confusion, from following various newspaper accounts, has been due to a confusion of terms. Rightists, Royalists, Rebels and Fascists have been used indiscriminately and without definition; also Reds, Loyalists, Left-wingers, etc. No doubt newspaper men have felt they were lending color to their stories by mixing up their labels. But the result has been as incomprehensible as visual music.

Your simple, logical explanation of how other nations line up behind the Loyalists and the Rebels gives a clear picture of the ingredients of the opposing forces. With Fascist Germany backing the military, Royalist rebels, and semisocialistic France favoring the Spanish Loyalist forces, the pattern of future events in Europe stretches out before one. If Socialism wins out in Spain, unquestionably France will go Socialistic, too, lining up Russia, France and Spain on one side of a European balance of power.

If the militaristic rebels win out, France will be forced to go Fascistic herself; she could not prevail against the possible set-up of Germany, Italy and Spain. England then would be left on the outside and would probably scramble into an alliance with Russia.

Certainly history is in the making, and the unbiased presentation of news through the columns of THE LITERARY DIGEST is indispensable to any one interested in the fate of the world in which he lives.

Pelham, New York. DONALD COOLEY.

Preparedness

Sir:—Your correspondent from Grand Junction, Colorado, intimates that preparedness for war is a sure cause for war. History does not bear him out. It was not Ethiopia's preparedness for war that invited Mussolini's attack. It was not our preparedness that threw us into the World War.

On the contrary, in both above instances. As a member of the A.E.F., I use all my powers to create antiwar sentiment; and for that reason, I hope that our state of preparedness will be "second to none."

Jena, Louisiana. E. L. MILLER.

Drunken Drivers

Sir:—In reference to your comments on the statement of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that "things are definitely better under repeal," I wish to cite some figures published from reports of the Prosecuting Attorney of this county.

According to those figures, there were 135 cases of drunkenness in the last six months of 1932, 186 in the last six months of 1933 (the first such period of legalized beer) and 220 in the first six months of 1936.

Drunken driving cases in the same periods numbered, respectively, eleven, twenty-one and forty-one. Of course, most drunken drivers are apprehended after an accident, and there is no telling how many others escape detection by officers of the law.

Since 1932, there has been no great variation in the size of population or number of cars using the highways.

The great claim for the repeal movement was that it was in the interest of temperance. If the figures cited above are typical of the trend generally, and I have no reason to believe otherwise, Mr. Rockefeller's equanimity is scarcely justified. GEORGE M. MONTROSS.

Port Huron, Michigan.

Predictions

Sir:—I was very much interested in two breezy, readable and informative articles in the August 15 LITERARY DIGEST, "Campaign Blares at Doors of Voters," and "A. F. of L. vs. CIO." I believe the following two points might be of interest to DIGEST readers:

1. John Hamilton has reason to carry his personal anti-New Deal campaign into all sections of the country. Young, intelligent, and an excellent orator, he wants the Hamilton face and voice to become known so that in 1940 he can step to the front as his Party's candidate for the Presidency. This

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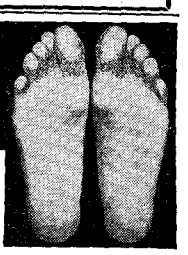

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is assuming, of course, that Candidate Landon will be defeated.

2. John Lewis also has motives—worthy or otherwise—in publicly defying the cautious, plodding William Green. If the leader of the United Mine Workers can impress his dynamic personality on the nation's 40,000,000 laborers, he will be in good position to become—by 1940—the Ramsay MacDonald of the United States. He is headed inevitably for the leadership of the forthcoming National Labor Party. EDWIN DOW.
Washington, D. C.

Suicide

Sir:—Your very interesting article on "Suicide's Angel" in your August 8 issue brings up some questions which I should like to have some one answer, preferably some one not engaged in religious works. I have no desire to detract from the remarkable work that the Rev. Dr. Warren is doing, and I certainly do not condone suicide. But there is a hard-boiled economic side to nearly every question.

1. Are these unfortunates who repented now happy, and are their daily associates also happy to be with them?
2. Are they supporting their dependents, and are their dependents better off with them still here?
3. Are they making progress in fitting in with society and business, or are they still floundering around in this machine age, when firms do not hire men over forty?
4. And how is it determined that the act of suicide, usually planned for reasons and by choice of the victim, is a greater sin than homicide, where the unfortunate victim is helpless to prevent it?
5. With the increasing difficulty of making a living, is it commendable to condemn or criticize a person who knows his problems better than any one else for deciding to give up the battle? J. O. ROGERS.
Chicago.

Thank You

Sir:—For the past years, I have been a reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST. I thank you for your very fine and comprehensive article, "Machine Age," on page 18 of the August 1 issue. You described the manufacture of wrist watches very well. They are the most useful and complicated mechanism in general use by the public. The watch industry at large should be very grateful to you. JACQUE LEROY.
Washington, D. C.

Mounting

Sir:—Relative to the manner of mounting a horse adopted by Governor Landon, illustrated in your issue of July 25, and especially referring to the letters of A. Edward Davis, E. K. M., and J. S. Knox, I desire to say that these gentlemen are all "wet" in regard to the proper manner of mounting a horse.

The photograph of Governor Landon mounting was taken when he was adjusting the stirrup to his foot. After the stirrup is adjusted, he, as a cowboy would, grasped the front of the saddle, swinging into it easily. Should the horse be unruly and take a notion to jump out from under him, that very fact would assist him in gaining the saddle.

The writer has lived in Montana fifty-six years and will positively state that the method of mounting a horse by the cowboys of this State, is identical with that assumed by the Governor. G. W. COOK.
Lewistown, Montana.

[We hope this concludes the controversy over the Alf M. Landon cover picture.—*Editor.*]

"DO YOU MIND IF MY SON TAKES YOUR PICTURE?"
The Passing Show (London)

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

The Razor.—"What did you shave with this morning?"

"My wife's pencil sharpener."—*El Paso World News.*

Generosity.—MARINE—"Say, Pal, will you loan me a nickel. I want to call a friend."

SAILOR—"Here's fifteen cents, call all your friends."—*U.S.S. Melville Job Order.*

What, Another Scotch Joke?—SCOTCHMAN—"Doctor, what can I do to prevent seasickness?"

DOCTOR—"Have you a dime?"

SCOTCHMAN—"Yes, sir."

DOCTOR—"Well, hold it between your teeth."—*Bee Hive.*

Lucky.—"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, "I have been on my feet for nearly ten minutes, but there is so much interruption I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, my friend," came a voice from the rear, "you are not missin' much."—*Boys' Life.*

Not Fooled.—The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son, said:

"Don't let on that you're watching him. There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."—*5th Corps Area News.*

Colored Joke.—RASTUS—"Say, Sambo, what time in your life does yo' think yo' was scared de wust?"

SAMBO—"Once when ah wuz callin' on a hen-house an' de farmer come in an' caught me. Boy, wuz ah scared."

RASTUS—"How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstest yo' evah been scared?"

SAMBO—"Cause de farmer grab me by de shoulder an' say: 'White boy, whu yo' doin' heah?' "

Scotch Joke.—The following story is about a certain Scotchman who returned to his native land after a thirty-year absence. Preparatory to his leaving America he wrote and asked his brothers to meet him at the station, and upon his arrival at the home town was met by two bearded men whom he had difficulty in recognizing.

"Why the beards?" he asked. "Dinna ye remember, Donald?" replied they. "You took the razor with you."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Pretty Bad.—A certain popular footballer had—as all players do—an off day, when he could do nothing right.

The crowd demonstrated its displeasure, and his fellow players looked at him askance, but bore it all stoically.

The final blow fell, however, when he left the ground at the end of the game. A grubby urchin, who had been hanging round the players' entrance, sidled up to him and thrust a piece of paper into his hand.

"'Ere, mister," he said sadly, "there's yore blinkin' autograf back."—*London Answers.*

Warning—Pun.—ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSE AGENT—"This is a house without a flaw."

CUSTOMER—"By gosh! What do you walk on?"—*Montreal Star.*

Too Restless.—ANGLER—"You've been watching me for three hours. Why don't you try fishing yourself?"

ONLOOKER—"I ain't got the patience."—*The Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.)*

Close.—The farmer had watched the motorist working on his second-hand car for about an hour.

"What are you looking at?" asked the motorist. "Is this the first motor-car you ever saw?"

"No," was the dry reply, "but it's very much like it."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Sense of swell is developed highly in lobsters.—*San Diego (Calif.) paper.*

Mousam Lake is well filled with guests this month.—*Sanford (Me.) paper.*

A—— R—— was born in Augusta Saturday on business.—*Waterville (Me.) paper.*

"Fish do not profligate in water that changes temperatures sharply."—*Boulder (Col.) paper.*

Monstrous—
SUES BRIDE OF 4 MOUTHS
—*Scranton (Pa.) paper.*

He told police that one of the men menaced him with a wench while the other covered him with a revolver.—*McConnelsville (Ohio) paper.*

Clubby
BIG CATTLE SHOW AT TOLCHESTER BEACH
Go Over, See the Show and Meet Your Friends.
—*Baltimore paper.*

A marriage license was issued Thursday to D—— R—— C——, 23, and E—— H—— W——, 199, both of Ashton.—*Wellington (Kan.) paper.*

At his windswept stations he cheerfully offered to tourists and such lice the water he had packed up steep mountain trails.—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

Altho the wind subsided and calm reigned for a while during the evening, guests were blowing from nearly all directions at midnight.—*Boise (Idaho) paper.*

Before the girls left the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt presented each of them with a little engraved picture of the Execution Mansion to keep as a souvenir.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) paper.*

P—— W——, counsel for authors, is taking his summer to write a book called "Literary Property," which will give advice on how to protect and market stories. Julian Messner expects to punish it.—*New York paper.*

The American Legion band will play for the afternoon, and the athletic program will include races, swimming events and a series of mush-ball games, with a game for the championship of the district as the final.

At 6 o'clock, picnic suppers will be served in the grave.—*Butler (Pa.) paper.*

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